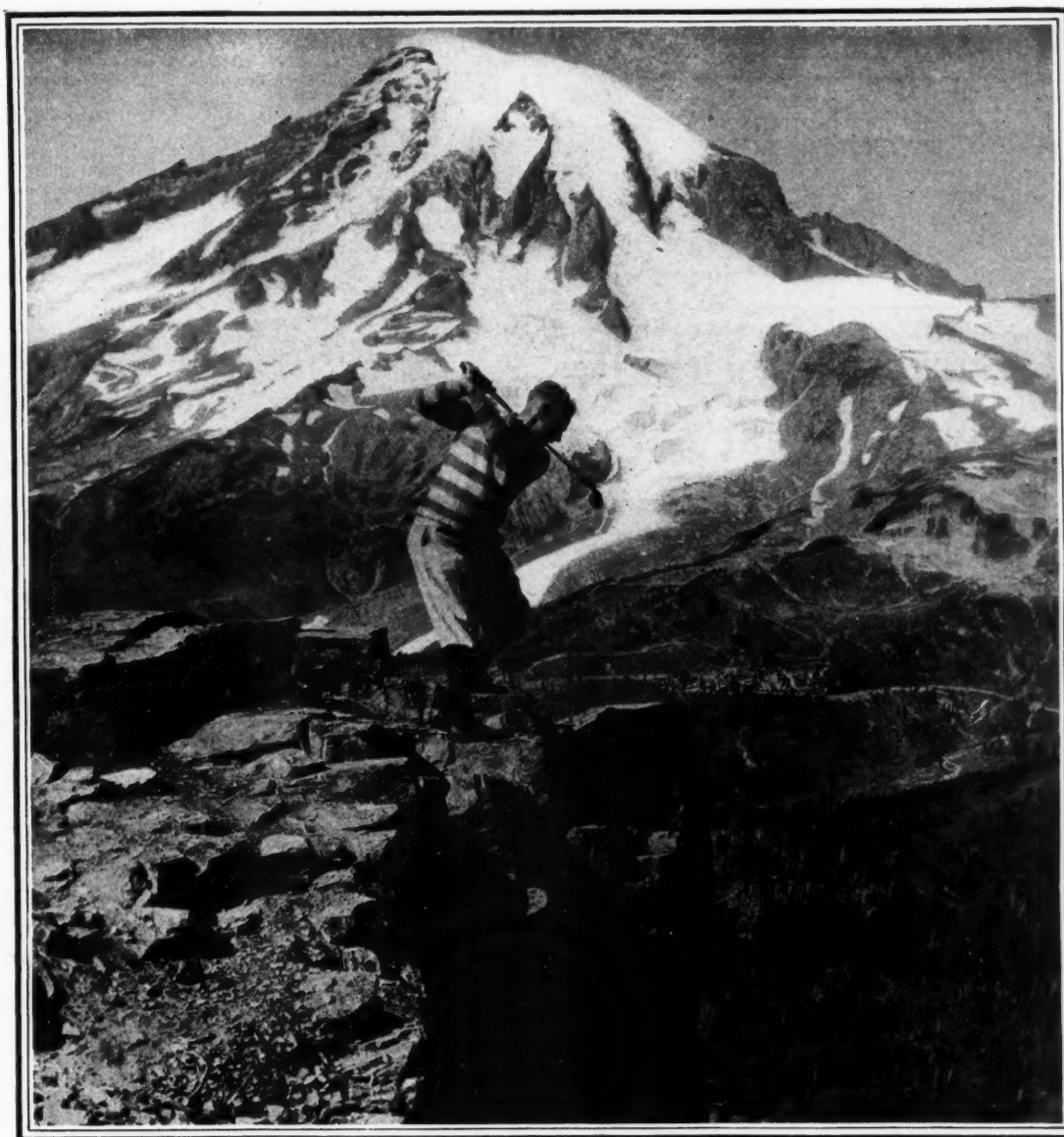


YOUTH'S COMPANION



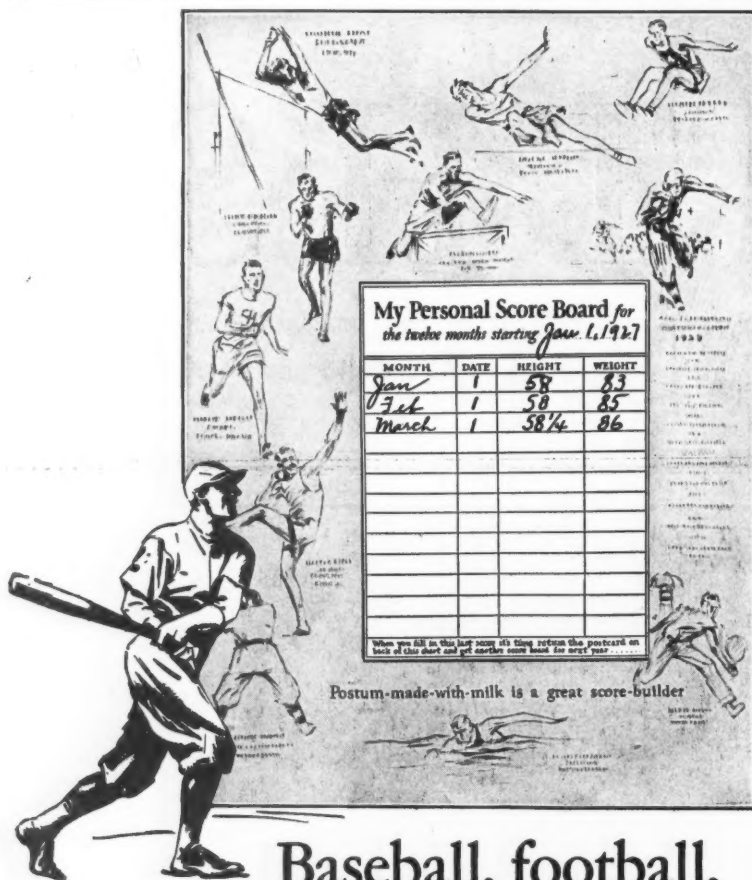
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IN RAINIER NATIONAL PARK, WASHINGTON

A photograph which proves that the golf habit is incurable!

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MISCELLANY

WHAT IS YOUR SCORE?

THIS week's list of twenty questions will also be rather easy for Youth's Companion readers, because all have been answered in our columns recently. Grade your friends by their ability to answer the questions. Correct answers to all twenty count 100 per cent; correct answers to nineteen count 95 per cent; to eighteen, 90 per cent; and so on. You may be startled to see how many people lack a regular source of information on both cultural and useful knowledge.

1. Across which ocean is it now possible to talk by telephone?
2. Was Abraham Lincoln ever a soldier?
3. With what large company was Charles P. Steinmetz, electrical wizard, associated as engineer?
4. Who was the military commander, or "troop captain," of the Plymouth Colony?
5. Who discovered the North Pole?
6. Who is the baseball player often called the "Georgia Peach"?
7. Name at least three of Thomas A. Edison's principal inventions.
8. What is the name of Australia's new capital city, now being built?
9. Who is the President of Mexico?
10. What was the profession of William T. G. Morton, who discovered that ether will produce unconsciousness during painful operations?
11. Who was the most infamous traitor in American history?
12. With what college was Walter Camp associated as football coach?
13. What is a palindrome?
14. Who fired the first gun in the last battle of the American Revolution?
15. Which two American Presidents in the past sought a third term?
16. Who wrote "Treasure Island"?
17. About how many feet long was the Pilgrim ship "Mayflower"?
18. Name one recent winner of a Nobel Peace Prize.
19. In what profession were Bach, Beethoven and Schumann illustrious?
20. What famous pioneer died gallantly in the Alamo?

Answers to these questions are on page 265, above "The Best Motion Pictures"

PUBLISHING UNDER DIFFICULTIES

IT is interesting to know how many men who have subsequently won distinction in the expressive arts showed their bent in childhood by writing and printing juvenile papers. One such man was the late Rev. Newman Smyth, famous as one of the lights of the Congregational pulpit and the author of a number of remarkable books on religion and philosophy. Few amateur editors can have struggled with the mechanical difficulties he met with in bringing out his little sheet, difficulties that he speaks of in his "Recollections" recently published in the Congregationalist.

With one or two other boys, he says, I undertook the issuing of a small boys' written paper, which we proudly called the Northern Light, and which we circulated in the neighborhood. I soon conceived the more ambitious idea of printing our paper. Having no means of buying type, I used to go down to the village printer's office and search among the cast-off type for the best ones that had fallen among them. With an occasional gift from the printer of a few not quite so worn, I procured enough to warrant my first attempt at printing.

But then came the question of a press. I had often watched the printer at his work with his hand press and seen how the joint worked that gave him the impression. This I sought to imitate by setting my little form just high enough up on a stool to use my elbow as a toggle-joint, and to come down on it with the required force to get a good impression. I used to beg of the printer a piece of the required preparation for the inking-pad, until I learned to make it myself. Still later, not being satisfied with modest headline, I carved out of a block of hard wood the desired large letters, and the Northern Light appeared in full form. The successive numbers have long been lost. I would give much could I see one of them now. I do not remember just how old I was when I entered thus into political controversy, but there was at least no control of the editorial columns by the counting-room.

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

VOLUME 101

APRIL 14, 1927

NUMBER 15

Wolf! Wolf!

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

Illustrated by FRANK GODWIN



Not forty paces back stood six or seven wolves, glaring at him with eyes like points of fire

THE snow was not deep, but firm and crisp in the dry cold. It made a pleasant, soft crunch, crunch under his long, webbed snowshoes as Sim Purdie came swinging across the slant of the ridge. He had been fishing, through a hole which he had chopped through the ice, in the little lake beyond the ridge, and he had a couple of big trout in his haversack. And now, as the last cold glow of pinkish saffron was fading behind the black curve of hills to the westward, he was in a hurry to get home. He did not notice the austere, desolate beauty of that dying glow in the distance. He was hungry, and hoping that his fire had not gone out during his absence. Yet he was not thinking of his supper with any great relish. He was tired of thick, fat bacon and soggy flour flapjacks and stewed dried apples. He was even somewhat satiated with fried trout. His thoughts turned to fresh meat—a tender, juicy steak; yes, that was what he hankered after! But what was the good of dwelling upon it? He proceeded to comfort himself with the prospect of a big mug—several big mugs—of hot, black tea, well sweetened with molasses. That, at least, one never tired of; and at the thought he hastened his pace, with that long, deliberate, loping stride of the trained snowshoer, which seems so leisurely and yet eats up the miles so fast.

Absorbed in these thoughts, Purdie rounded a dense patch of young fir-growth—and stopped short with a grunt of surprise. A half-grown deer, landing from a wild leap, had almost collided with him. He had one vivid glimpse of the slender creature as it checked itself violently, its eyes starting with terror, its flanks heaving with exhaustion, its flaring nostrils spattering blood and foam. Then, as it leaped aside, staggeringly, his axe hurtled forward with sure aim, and the doe came down, its muzzle plowing up the snow. "Here's my fresh steak!" thought Purdie exultantly, as he sprang forward.

As he examined his prize, which had evidently been hunted long and hard, a chorus of savage snarls arose behind him. He turned sharply. Not forty paces back, bunched on the trail of the deer, stood six or seven wolves, glaring at him with eyes like points of pale green fire. They all stood stiffly braced, the thick hair erect upon their necks with

rage. Purdie sensed their hate, their fury at being thus balked of their kill when it was almost in their teeth. But he had a poor opinion of these small, gray Eastern wolves. There was no denying, however, that they had done him an exceedingly good turn. The best-trained hunting-dogs could not have run that deer better for him. He grinned at them amiably.

"Thank ye kindly," said he. At the sound of his crisp voice the wolves stirred uneasily, but, to his surprise, stood their ground.

"You needn't wait," he continued, raising his voice sharply. "I ain't a-going to ask you home fer supper. Now git out! Scat!" He took a stride forward, lifting his axe. And the gray forms, seeming to shrink, slunk aside and vanished among the dark firs.

"An' that's that! Glad they ain't timber wolves," muttered Purdie, stooping to pick up his prize. Slinging it over his shoulders, head downward, he started once more for home, with joyous anticipations. The discomfited wolves he completely dismissed from his mind.

To reach his cabin he had yet a couple of miles to go. For perhaps half a mile his way led across an open slope, broken only by an occasional bush or rounded boulder covered with snow. There was not a breath of wind. In the still cold the moisture of his breath froze stiffly about his bearded lips. The dull gray-violet and confused pallors of the winter twilight faded into the uniform dark translucency of a night of steel-sharp stars.

Presently the trail which Purdie was following led him again along the edge of the trees, on his right, while on his left the open slope fell away abruptly to the bed of the frozen and buried stream. And now Purdie was awakened from his anticipations of supper by a sudden glimpse of dim, gray shapes

keeping pace with him among the trees higher up the slope. The woods at this point were open and scattered, and he made out these gray shapes, as they darted furtively from covert to covert, quite clearly enough to understand what it meant. The wolves whom he had robbed of their prey were seeing him home. He was annoyed, and also surprised. Such persistent audacity was not like wolves as he knew them. Then his surprise diminished,—and his annoyance increased,—as he reflected upon a fact which he had noted earlier in the winter but had not paid much attention to. This year was one of those strange, regularly recurring periods of a rabbit famine—those years when the rabbits die off in myriads during the summer or autumn, and all the hunting beasts, to whom the swarms of big, lusty snowshoe

rabbits are as their daily bread, find themselves faced with something near starvation. Yes, he had noticed how scarce the rabbit-tracks were that winter. That accounted for the incredible boldness of these gray vermin, in presuming to trail a man. They were ravenous. And then his keen eyes informed him that the wolves had increased in number. There seemed to be considerably more of them than the little bunch which he had first encountered and so unceremoniously put to flight. At this he was conscious of a slight uneasiness, which he angrily repudiated. He hastened his steps, but at the same time swerved closer to the trees, to show the slinking beasts that he had his eye on them. And the wolves swerved also, deeper back among the trees—became so shadowy,

indeed, that he began to think they had given up their futile but irritating pursuit.

A mile farther on the trail ran through a dark and narrow tunnel of branchy hemlocks. As Purdie came up to it, suddenly, with a creepy sensation in his backbone, he noticed that the darkness of the tunnel, and of the trees on either side, was flecked here and there, low down, with faint,

shifting sparks of greenish light. The wolves were there ahead of him.

THIS was too much, this insolence! With a yell of outraged indignation and amazement Purdie threw discretion to the winds and dashed forward straight into the tunnel, shouting abuse. The glinting eyes made way for him, amid a ghostly rustling of padded feet.

The black tunnel was only a few yards in depth, but the few seconds which he took to traverse it seemed to Purdie uncomfortably long. Just as he emerged into the starlit glimmer of the open slope beyond, a hissing breath caught his ear, and, with instinctive action that was quicker than thought, he swung round to his left, sweeping his axe low. A big wolf, bolder than his fellows, was in mid spring at his throat. His axe caught it fair in the

loins. With a choked yelp it fell, shorn almost in halves. Purdie leaped onward. And behind him rose a turmoil of harsh snarls as the wolves threw themselves upon the body of their slain comrade and ravenously tore it to pieces.

Purdie's cabin was now not more than a half mile away, across the open, but out of sight behind a group of firs which served it as a wind break in time of blizzard. Purdie lengthened his stride to a run unhurried, deliberate, but none the less as swift as he could make it without sacrifice of breath or energy. He had been forced to the conclusion, by this time, that the wolves meant business; and he cursed himself for having left his rifle, his handy and deadly repeater, at home. He knew that he could save his own

skin, easily enough, if he chose to relinquish to his pursuers the precious but heavy burden which he bore on his back. But that was a solution which he obstinately refused to consider. Rather would he drop it, if necessary, and stand over it, and fight the battle out with his unerring axe.

As he came to his decision the snarlings behind him died away and he knew that the wolves, having finished their cannibalistic repast,—which would not do more than whet their appetites and make them the more ravenous,—were again in silent pursuit. A swift glance over his shoulder showed him that they were more than a dozen in number and were spreading out in a wide semicircle, apparently with the purpose of surrounding him. But, being now in the open, they were wary and were keeping their distance, at least for the moment. Purdie knew well enough, however, from what had already happened, that they would presently get themselves worked up to a new attack. The question was simply how near he could get to his cabin before the crisis should come. In order to delay it as long as possible, from time to time he halted abruptly,



With a grim smile he began picking off his antagonists, one by one



He lighted his tin lantern, got the fire going in his bandy little stove, and then, in huge content, proceeded to cook himself such a meal as he had been hankering after for many weeks

turned sharply with a menacing sweep of his axe and shouted at his pursuers authoritatively. Each time he did so he found that the wolves had drawn a little nearer; and each time, whether intimidated by his voice or understanding the peril of that swift-swinging axe, the wolves shrank back again uneasily.

But that last half mile—how long it seemed! Purdie was puzzled by the fact that the wolves made no attempt to complete their maneuver and surround him, as with their great speed they could so easily have done. They maintained their wide semicircle behind him, the leaders at its tips just keeping pace with him. He concluded that their purpose was to wear him out and so have a less dangerous antagonist to deal with in the final fight. They did not know that he was nearing home and safety. At the thought of how they were going to be fooled he laughed aloud; and a quiver of nervousness went through the ranks of his pursuers.

At last, Purdie reached the grove of firs. He rounded it, with a sigh of relief. There was the welcome cabin, little more than a hundred yards away. Triumphant he raced for it, his weariness all gone.

Barely a score of paces behind him, the wolves too rounded the grove, except those on the extreme left, which pushed through the underbrush. Their leader saw the cabin and perceived that their quarry was about to escape them. He yelped a signal, and instantly the tactics of the pursuit were changed. The whole pack gathered in and hurled itself after Purdie at top speed, the gaunt leader somewhat in advance.

Over secure, Purdie had not noted this change of tactics. He was within a dozen yards of his door when a tremendous jerk upon his burden almost dragged him backwards. To save his balance he was forced to loose his grip and throw up his hands. The carcass of the doe was snatched from him. A desperate stroke of his axe cleft the head of a wolf which was just making a slash at his leg. Another lightning blow struck short, but sent its victim off yelping with the loss of an ear. And in the next two seconds Purdie gained his door and slammed it behind him, leaving

his precious prize to the famished wolves.

Kicking his feet clear of the hampering snowshoes, Purdie snatched up his rifle, took one hasty glance to see that the chamber was full loaded, and strode to the door. In a cold rage he flung it open. The body of the deer was completely hidden by the snarling, tearing, fighting pack. He stepped outside, set the gun to his shoulder, and with a grim smile began picking off his antagonists carefully, one by one. He was a sure shot, and his victims dropped in silence, while those untouched went on greedily tearing at their prey. Not till five had fallen did the survivors awaken to the noise of the reports. Then, suddenly realizing the situation, they lifted their dripping muzzles and fled away in silence, through the glimmering dark. "That'll larn 'em, I reckon!" muttered Purdie, as he stepped over to see what was left of his precious fresh meat.

Assuredly, those wolves had never been taught the hygienic importance of eating slowly and chewing their food thoroughly.



He had a poor opinion of these small, Eastern wolves

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS. CHAPTER I

ENGAGED in three occupations, Ann Longport sat by the window of her Uncle Christopher Longport's house on Chambersburg Street in Gettysburg. Uncle Christopher was the proprietor of a general store, and he and his sister Louise were Ann's guardians. Besides them she had but one relative, her Grandmother Fiddler, who lived on a farm at the edge of the town.

Ann was dressed in a green, stripedingham dress, nankeen pantalettes, white stockings and low slippers. Her dark hair was cut short, and her skin was browned by the sun.

The parlor in which she sat was carpeted with dark green velvet and furnished with six chairs and a sofa, a table with a leaf which stood up against the wall, and two ottomans, all of mahogany. The next room was a sitting-room with furniture of the same style but a little less elegant, and beyond was a dining-room. Among the various objects which caught the eye were a small silver sugar bowl and cream pitcher on the sideboard. These had belonged to James Gettys, for whom the town was named, and there were in a drawer ten spoons, also his possession. All now belonged to Ann, his descendant.

The first occupation of Ann was sewing. She sat on a mahogany chair, her legs wound round its legs. Before her on an ottoman was a box filled with squares of cotton material, cut, not by her, but by Aunt Lu, some joined in twos, some in threes, some in sixes. Another seamstress would have followed a system, but Ann did not believe in system.

In the second place she was talking, and, being alone, she spoke with freedom.

"I cannot sew." She tried a red patch against a blue, a blue against a brown. "I'd rather scrub." Her voice rose into a shriek, she thrust her needle through both patches, joining them unevenly. "I will not sew, I shall not sew."

Ann's third occupation was looking out the window. She had selected this seat because she could see in two directions. The streets were broad, tree-shaded and unoccupied. She sniffed the air—honeysuckle was still in bloom.

"To sit here hours and hours and hours! I hate to sew; thou hatest to sew; he, she, it hates to sew. We hate to sew, you hate to sew, they hate to sew."

She rose, pushed the ottoman away and walked through parlor, sitting-room and dining-room into the kitchen. Usually, passing through the dining-room, she gazed at her inherited silver with pride, but now she did not glance in its direction.

Black Auntie Min, the cook, stood before the table assembling materials for an early-apple pie. She was short and enormously fat, apparently of one width from shoulder to foot sole. She turned and regarded Ann with a grin.

"Well, missy," said she, "how's you?" "Sick," declared Ann, helping herself to half an apple. "Sick of sewing. I could die, I'm so tired of it."

"Yo' Aunt Lu come back?" A wicked look came into Ann's brown eyes.

"Sewing Susie's stitching shirts for sol-

diers," she quoted. "Oh, see the shirts that Sewing Susie sews!" "Dat's no way to speak yo' good aunt." "I'm sick of war, too," declared Ann. "If only something happened!" "You don't mean you wants a battle to happen!" "Better fight and get it done," declared Ann coolly. "Wid men layin' round widout laigs? Wid—" Ceasing abruptly, Auntie Min returned to her rolling of dough, and Ann went toward the parlor. In the outer door stood a tall, a stately woman. One read her character at a glance—she was dignified, devoted to duty, tender-hearted, capable. To Ann she was aged, though the sum of her years was forty. Long ago she had looked like Ann. "Ann Longport!" said Aunt Lu. Almost all Ann's relatives and friends gave Ann her whole name.

Aunt Lu looked at her sternly yet yearningly. To both her and Uncle Christopher Ann was the problem of their lives. She was also their dearest treasure. "How much have you done?" Ann held up her work, her lip quivering. "I didn't know it was so crooked." Aunt Lu sat down. She was very active, and a position of repose denoted a serious crisis. "Ann, what shall I do with you?" In her astonishment Ann dropped her sewing—never before had she been questioned about her own management. "Aunt Lu," said she, "I'm worn out." "Worn out!" Aunt Lu was unbelieving, yet troubled. "Last evening you played hide-and-seek till nine o'clock. You slept well. You ate a good breakfast. Worn out!" "My spirit is worn out," declared Ann. "Crushed." "Your spirit worn out! There was never a

Sewing Susie

By ELSIE SINGMASTER

Illustrated by GAYLE HOSKINS



Bob jerked the door open. Within sat Ann Longport on her heels. She looked up blinking, but composed and insolent

child who had more her own way. You have two tasks from June till September, to keep your room in order and to sew an hour each day."

Ann slid to her knees.

"Darling aunt!"

"Don't be silly." Aunt Lu's lips quivered.

"Darling aunt!" said Ann. "Let me stop sewing for just a week. Let me—"

Aunt Lu lifted samples of Ann's work.

"Do you suppose you'll ever learn?"

"I can't!"

To Aunt Lu's dismay Ann began to cry. She rose, leaving Ann kneeling to senseless mahogany and haircloth.

"Get up and dry your eyes! A girl fourteen years old crying because she has to sew! You needn't begin again till I tell you. But you must do other things instead."

Ann leaped up.

"I'll do anything! Anything!"

"Then tell Uncle Chris that dinner will be at twelve instead of half past. And be here promptly yourself."

"I'll be here promptly."

"Put your box away."

Turning in the doorway, Ann whirled back. "Perhaps Uncle Chris will have errands for me."

The Court House clock struck ten as Ann stepped out. The sound suggested music, and she began to whistle; then, remembering that Aunt Lu thought it shocking for a girl to whistle, she reduced the sound to a pipe through her teeth.

SHE walked briskly for a block, then looked to the right and left, ahead and to the rear. There was the liberty pole in the Square, and near at hand a patient was entering the beautiful door of Doctor Horner's office. In that house had lived Thaddeus Stevens, a stubborn, lonely man who had fought in the Assembly for schools free to all children, and who was now in Congress. She saw him when he came to visit, tall, keen-eyed and a little lame.

She looked up at the College Church. Down the high steps a cat tiptoed as though steps and tall pillars were hers. Ann called, "Kitty, come, kitty!" and the cat turned and went up again, an indifferent tail in air.

In the Square, Ann crossed the wide space to the foot of the liberty pole. The Gettysburg women had made the beautiful flag, and as the representative of her school Ann laid a wreath at the foot of the pole. Her brow clouded—it was more than two years ago, and still the war went on and on.

"I wish I could fight!" said Ann.

Turning to the right, she passed a dry-goods store, a hardware store, a meat store, a row of dwellings and Mr. McClure's pharmacy, and came finally to Uncle Chris's general store. Uncle Chris's building was divided into three stories, two enormous high-ceiled storerooms and a low attic. Mr. McClure's also had three stories, the first the pharmacy, the second the living quarters of himself, his stout wife and his tall, light-haired son Bob, the third a large unfinished room where Bob had a workshop.

Passing the pharmacy, Ann quickened her steps. She hated Bob McClure because she was teased about him. The teasing was her own fault; from her infancy she had tagged after him.

There was no customer in Uncle Chris's store; people had little money with which to

make purchases. It was hot in the sunshine, but here it was deliciously cool. Sniffing the familiar air, Ann uttered a sigh of relief and happiness. Calico had one smell, wool another.

"Hello, Ann!" called a clerk on the right. He was a pale young man who had left his arm at Bull Run. He had been Uncle Chris's clerk before the war began, and Uncle Chris would employ him forever—such was Uncle Chris's kind nature.

"Hello!" answered Ann. "Where's Uncle Chris?"

"Upstairs."

There were two stairways in the long store, one near the front for the use of customers, one at the back near the door leading into the yard. Ann walked past the customers' stairway from a region of bolts of cloth, cabinets of thread and silk, rolls of ribbon and other wearable commodities, into a region of wash-wringers, brooms, dishes and other usable commodities. Up the rear steps she went into another enormous room. In the distant front was a millinery department where beautiful Miss Sallie Saunders, who wore long golden ringlets, fitted out the Gettysburg ladies. Now the millinery was put away; Ann saw in imagination the scoop bonnets slipped neatly into one another in the deep drawers.

In the men's department at the rear were objects even more interesting than scoop bonnets, a half dozen mannikins designed to display suits of clothing. Four of these, dressed and draped in dust covers, presented the ghastly appearance of sheeted ghosts. The other two were bare of covering; their faces simpered above wire frames. All six stood round the door which led into the unused attic, hiding it from view.

"Uncle Chris!" called Ann. There was no answer, and she said aloud, "Perhaps he's in the attic."

It was necessary to move a mannikin to get to the attic door; the key was turned in the lock, and the steps, when the door was open, showed an even covering of dust. Uncle Chris had gone down and not up; nevertheless Ann proceeded up the dusty stair. She had not been in the attic for a long time; it was a dim place meant chiefly for an air chamber. There were low windows at the back and front which from without looked like eyebrows. Along the sloping wall were empty cubby-holes, along the straight side were empty cupboards. It was a scary place, and Ann liked to be scared. When she had nothing else to do she invented thrilling plots; she saw maidens pursued by bandits or runaway slaves chased by bloodhounds.

On an earlier visit to the attic she had made a discovery with possibilities of romance. Between the two buildings there was an opening—you entered a closet in this attic and moved along a wall to a vacant space. Turning carefully so as to avoid a hole in the floor, you found yourself in a closet in Mr. McClure's attic.

Ann knew the reason for this opening—the position of a chimney had been changed and the space had not been filled; but she pretended various impossible explanations. Perhaps the opening had been prepared by a lover who lived in Mr. McClure's building so that Miss Sallie Saunders could join him and elope. In her wildest moments, Ann had visions of an infernal trap like a guillotine which cut off peoples' heads.

She ascended into layers of air which grew hotter and hotter. Knowing that there was nothing to see except heat and dimness, buzzing wasps and flies, and that she ought to find Uncle Chris at once and give him Aunt Lu's message, she went on, a little



"Come down here as fast as you can come! There's a large body of Southern troops on the Chambersburg road!"

more slowly with each step, hopeful of something to enliven her dull life. With her head above the level of the floor, she stood still. She heard the buzzing wasps and flies, but she heard another sound, a faint, mysterious rumble. It could not, oh, it could not be cannon! Was she at last to see something interesting? Was—no, it was not cannon; it came, not from without, but from within. Had Uncle Chris set up some queer new machine?

FILLED with curiosity, she began to descend. At once the sound grew fainter. Instantly she ascended. The attic was still dim, hot, empty. She took the few steps to the back windows and tried to look down, but the narrow, slanting view showed her only the green of the linden tree in the yard. She walked to the front—she could not see below the second story of the opposite houses. Suddenly she clasped her hands across her breast. The noise was in the next attic!

Wild thoughts of treason flashed through her mind. Was some one making bullets? Had some one installed a telegraph instrument? There were a few sympathizers with

the Confederacy—Alvin Pine and Tom Royer and Edward Hunt. But Mr. McClure would not lend his attic to them!

Without hesitation she tiptoed across the floor, opened the closet door into deeper darkness, slid along the wall, turned into another open space. Here was a dim light; the lock had been taken from the door and a hole had been left, two inches across. Kneeling, she applied her eye. Instantly she lifted her right hand and pressed it to her mouth to suppress, not a cry of terror, but a giggle or a laugh. She lifted her left hand and pressed it on her right.

In the McClure attic, which was lighted by four large windows, stood a sewing-machine, the most prized possession of Mrs. McClure, and at the machine sat Bob sewing. He was as blond as Ann was dark; his hair was as curly as hers was straight; his eyes were blue. He was not making a sail for a boat, or a net to catch fish; he was making a man's shirt. He sewed rapidly, turning the material with a practiced hand. Now and then he looked up uneasily as though he feared detection.

Hearing a sound like human breathing,

he started and blushed as one who in secret lives the life of a criminal. There was nothing disgraceful in his occupation; he was helping the Union cause. But if he were caught, he would die of shame; boys did not sew any more than they played with dolls. He thought of Ann—how he had once hated her for tagging after him, how he hated himself for not continuing to hate her. If she knew that he sewed—But his imagination was not equal to fancying what Ann would say or what he would do.

Hearing again the sound of human breathing, he let the machine run down and sat staring at the closet door. A negro hiding? There had been few fugitives since John Brown was hanged. He heard the sound again.

"A bird," he said aloud. "Or a rat."

He rose instantly, leaving the shirt hanging by a cuff and went toward the closet. He thrust his finger into the hole left by the removal of the lock. It came into contact with—it could not be!—a human eye! He jerked the door open. Within sat Ann Longport on her heels. She looked up, blinking, but composed and insolent. Bob looked down, paralyzed.

"Well?" said Ann.

"You—"

Before Bob could finish there came a summons.

"Ann Longport!" called a man's voice. The tone was anxious and impatient. "Come down at once!"

Ann rose and shook the dust from her gingham dress and her nankeen trousers. "Coming!" she shrieked. She fixed her eyes upon the garment hanging by its cuff and grinned. She crept round the edge of the wall and as she went she chanted:

"Sewing Susie's stitching shirts for soldiers,

Oh, see the lovely shirts that Sewing Susie sews!"

"Ann Longport!" Uncle's voice was nearer. "Coming! It's bad for a girl to whistle, but it's worse for a boy to sew. Sewing Susie! Sewing Susie!" Her shriek had spiteful echoes.

At the foot of the stairs stood Uncle Chris, a tall, thin man of forty-two, like Aunt Lu a type of age and wisdom.

"Where have you been?"

"I was hunting you. Aunt Lu said to tell you that dinner will be at twelve."

She spoke, to her surprise, steadily, though she had never been so excited. Bob McClure sewing shirts like any girl—like his mother, like Aunt Lu, like old Mrs. Batterson, like—She considered running back to ask him if he went to the sewing meetings. But Uncle Chris was waiting. She would not tell him or anyone. She intended no public exposure, but only secret torture.

"Come down here as fast as you can come! There's a large body of Southern troops on the Chambersburg Road."

"What!" Ann took two steps at a time. "At least five thousand!"

"What'll we do?" asked Ann.

"There's no time to do anything." Uncle Chris stood beside the sheeted figures and the wiry forms with their simpering faces. His own face was pale. Ann felt pity as a mother might feel toward a child who is unduly frightened.

"Only another false alarm." Her patronizing tone had no hearer—Uncle Chris was halfway down the steps. From the bottom, he called to her without looking back.

"Go home! Don't go walking, don't go to your grandmother's, don't go anywhere."

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

THROUGH the open windows of the kitchen all the sweetness of blossoming time was borne in little tender breaths of the April morning. The cat on the window sill stretched herself in the sunshine. Now and then a white petal of pear-blow wavered in, to fall on the kitchen table. A calf bewailed its infant loneliness in a cry that seemed to voice the plaintiveness of spring, and a bee, already laden with the season's bounty, buzzed its questing way into the room and out again.

But Mary Ellen saw nothing of the morning's beauty; she did not hear the voices of renewing life. Her ears were tuned to catch another sound, and for that she listened as she hastened to finish her morning tasks. Just as she drew the last loaf of bread from the oven it came—a whisper of sound at first, then the long drawing of a bow across strings, and the first notes of an old tune. Mary Ellen shrank, and a shadow

A New Song in the Heart

By EDITH BARNARD DELANO

Illustrated by VICTOR HALL

of pain crossed her face; it was the first time in her life that she had dreaded the sound of Samson Smallwood's fiddle. She took off her gingham apron and hung it behind the stove, for the moment was ceremonial; then she opened the door into the dining-room, where Samson was playing.

He was seated in his mother's chair, beside the open window, and he was dressed in his new clothes, which kept their own shape so stiffly about him as almost to conceal his real form. Mary Ellen took a low

yellow rocking-chair and settled herself to listen.

With his cheek caressing his fiddle, Samson was absorbed in his playing. He drew forth the old tunes, one after another—hymns and country-dances, songs of a sentimental, earlier generation, and nameless airs born of his love for the woods and the flowers and stars. He ended his playing on one of those.

"Your ma set a lot o' store by that tune, Samson," said Mary Ellen.

"That's why I played it last," Samson

said, as he wrapped a piece of old brown silk about the fiddle. "I seemed to be playing it to her."

"Well, you're doin' what she wished for, Samson. I hope she knows it, if such things can be. Land! Many's the time she and I used to set here an' talk about it; sometimes I believe she just longed to die, so's you could be free to go to the city."

Samson nodded, but did not speak.

"I remember the day that letter came, tellin' about the nine hundred dollars," Mary Ellen continued. "Mr. Roby brought the mail, and when I came in from the spring-house Aunt Hannah was settin' there white as a sheet, and tremblin'. 'Look,' she says to me, 'look, Mary Ellen! Read this! Sammy's Uncle Thomas has died in California, and left Sammy money,' she says. 'Left him nine hundred dollars!' Then she began to cry, she was so worked up, and glad about it. Said right away that

now you could go to the city and give folks a chance to hear you fiddle, and become great and famous."

Samson's head was bent, as if he, too, were seeing his mother's tremulous joy.

Mary Ellen went on. "Never in all my life did I know anyone so set on one notion as she was. From the day I first came to take care of her, after she got paralyzed, she would talk and think of little else but your showing folks how great you are. It was a mercy she could see to read, during all those twelve years she sat in that chair by the window. She certainly did love to read all about those other fiddlers, and how much money they drew in, and what hundreds and thousands of people went to hear them play; and she would sit back and laugh, and say to me, 'It does beat all, Mary Ellen, what folks will pay to hear one o' them foreigners play a few pieces, when here's Sammy can play about all there is! I reckon they'll open their eyes when Sammy gets to the city.' And now, Samson, here the day is come at last when you're really goin'!"

"Yes," Samson said, "I'm goin'. I've planned it out for years, and I've thought of it whilst I was ploughin', and dreamt of it whilst I was reapin', and seen pictures of it in the clouds and in my sleep. It doesn't seem it can be true that the day has come."

"Well," said Mary Ellen, "here it is. You've been a good son, and stayed on the farm to help your pa, and then to be with your mother; but now you can go with a clear conscience, and be great."

At that he flushed a little. "Sho!" he said. "Why, anybody could fiddle that tried!"

Mary Ellen only laughed at that. "I reckon you'll find they can't fiddle the way you can, Samson," she said.

"I reckon I'd better be gettin' down to the boat," said Samson.

"You got your money safe?"

"Yes, I got it hung round my neck in that little bag you made me."

"And you got the address of the boardin'-house in Carey Street?"

Samson nodded; and together they went out through the kitchen door to the side porch; Samson was unaware that Mary Ellen had grown a little pale.

The solemnity of the occasion was impressing itself on both of them. They were unaccustomed to farewells, hitherto taking their coming and their going as a matter of course; but today's was unusual and made a new demand.

"You've been mighty good, Mary Ellen, all these years," Samson said, lingering on the steps. "You took care of ma as if she was your own aunt, 'stead of just your stepfather's sister."

"Well, I had a good home," said Mary Ellen.

"'Twas you made it so. Why, I feel as if you'd always lived here, same's if you were my sister."

"Yes," said Mary Ellen.

"Leavin' you the house and the farm is but a small return, Mary Ellen. I hope you won't be lonesome."

"Oh, I have a plenty to keep me busy, Samson. And I'll take care of the farm same's if you were coming back to it."

At these words Samson turned and looked out over the fields and toward the barn, as if realizing for the first time that this was a farewell. Then he turned towards the path.

"Well, I guess I'd better be gettin' down to the boat."

Mary Ellen watched him walk away, past the daffodils and nodding lilacs. She remembered the fame he was going out to win, but she was thinking, too, of his helplessness in those things that she or his mother had always done for him.

At the gate he paused and turned. "That little heifer calf ought to bring you in something," he said.

And once more, before he was past the bend in the road, he turned to call back to her, "Don't forget the old Dominicker hen comes off the nest on Friday!"

"I won't forget a thing," said Mary Ellen. She watched him out of sight and went into the house. An hour later she heard the whistle of the Baltimore boat, and once more she whispered:

"I won't forget—a thing."

WHEN Samson Smallwood stepped from the boat to the Baltimore pier in the early morning, his heart thrilled with boyish excitement, or with the youthful enthusiasm of a young knight going out to conquer his world. But all that other people saw was a small, awkward, middle-aged man dressed in stiff new clothes that did

not fit him; the stubble of beard on his smiling, kindly face was gray; the hands that carried his violin and his suitcase of imitation leather were knotted and darkened with farm work; every movement proclaimed him a stranger to the city's confusion, and there was nothing in the timid, questioning looks that he gave the hurrying passers-by to disclose him as a master of melody who was to sway great audiences by the motion of his bow.

Asking directions of the people he met,



Samson stood still in the bustling crowd, inhaling the sweetness

he found his way by slow degrees to the boarding-house. Its interior dinginess was elegance to him, and he was vastly impressed by its position in the center of a long row of houses, as much alike as the teeth of a comb. But Samson admired their red brick fronts and their white trimmings; when he mounted the marble steps he felt as if he were treading floors of palatial grandeur.

He was anxious to begin his career, and at times he had thought that to be in the city would in itself be a beginning. Now, however, he realized that he did not know where to turn. He spent his first day or two walking about the streets; he sent a picture postal card to Mary Ellen. Then, in his longing for a friendly look or touch, he gave himself up to the misery of homesickness.

The city was different from anything he had expected. There were people everywhere; but, from those who sat with him round the spotted tablecloth at the boarding-house to those who brushed past him in the street, there was none who had time enough to notice him. No one spoke to him or so much as looked at him, except some of the children in the Square, where he sat for hours at a time on one of the benches. He had come to the city to hear music and to make his own music heard; but he found no way of doing either. Yet it was only when accident and his aimless wandering about the streets opened for him the gateway of sound that his miserable homesickness vanished.

It was more than a week after he left home that he found himself, one day, on a large paved space across which many people were hastening. Without reasoning, he moved with the crowd; and suddenly, be-

fore him, printed in huge letters on a sign beside a door, were the magic words,

WORLD'S GREATEST VIOLINIST!

Samson paused; a mist rose before his eyes, and his face flushed. It was almost as if Paradise had suddenly displayed itself before him. Unquestioningly he accepted the words of the signboard as truth; he had no shadow of doubt concerning them. He would hear, today, the violinist whom the world proclaimed as greatest.

opened again, and all the people in the hall began to clap their hands. A man and a woman came forward, and the woman seated herself at the piano. The man carried a violin; he came to the front of the stage and made a low bow that sent his hair over his forehead. Then he waited, while the people clapped and called; he waited until they were silent, shook his hair back in an impatient toss of the head, rested the violin ever so lightly beneath his chin. There was an indescribable swirl of the bow, a chord from the piano, and Samson was listening to his first concerto!

AH, that hour long dreamed of! That longing that had so often sobbed itself out from his old fiddle! That message of the stars and the woods that had called him forth on this quest of fame! And ah, that wonderful music, that melody beyond the reach of his imagination, that he was to hear, and play! That melody—but where was it?

The great man's arm moved smoothly, easily, and his long white fingers moved with almost invisible rapidity. But what was he playing? What was this jumble of sound, this complication of harmony that was not music at all to Samson's untutored hearing? What was it that was holding these people as under a spell? He listened, bending forward—where was the tune? He waited for it; now and again he thought he heard it coming. At last the violinist's motions ceased; the piano played a few seconds longer; and then the audience apparently went wild. Samson had read of applause; he had even heard this great crowd clapping; but this was a tempest of enthusiasm. The great man bowed and bowed again, and the little pianist, too, stood up and smiled at the people. It was many minutes before the violinist could be heard.

As the hour passed, Samson began to detect slight whispers of tune in the pieces the violinist played. At the end of the concert, in answer to the calls of the people, the master smiled, raised his bow as at first, and the house became still and silent. Then, as the bow wooed the melody from the instrument's heart, Samson did, indeed, hear a tune. He no longer saw the wonderful fingers and the flexible arm; he forgot himself and the people round him; he forgot everything, except the melody to which he was listening. It was such music as he had never heard; it was more beautiful than any the birds or the clouds had ever sung to him; it was the melody that his own imagination had never been able to call from the place of dreams.

He did not know how he got out of the concert hall; he did not know how he got back to his boarding-house. He only came back to the world of reality when, after hours of playing on his own fiddle, of feeling his way through the maze of harmony, he drew forth at last some thin shadow of the great master's melody. Only then did he awake to the world of reality; and for Samson reality meant that he must face the knowledge of his own incompetence. He had believed himself a great player; and he could not even play that simple melody of the master's!

For long hours that night he looked into the dark. All his life, ever since the time when his mother used to stand him on a chair and place the fiddle in his hands, he had believed that he was a great player. All his life he had dreamed one dream, and now he was awake, and knew his dream for what it was. He had believed himself capable of entrancing thousands; he felt his gnarled, work-worn hands in the dark and knew himself for an atom of insignificance, for a small, colorless, timid, middle-aged man.

Yet it was not for nothing that Samson had filled his heart and mind with love and longing for beauty, and with a high ambition. Such things are food for the soul; and in this crisis of his life Samson's soul responded with that attribute of the spirit which has sent men to the far corners of the earth, and led them through fire and flood, and upheld them through calamity and kept them clean. In the hours of that night Samson saw much die that had been dear to him; but he found courage. That was his soul's response to his great need.

THE summer was long, and the heat steamed up from the city's streets until it burned him; but it was a summer of work for Samson. He went to look for teachers. The first listened to the tale of his ambition, or as much of it as Samson could tell, looked at the knotted hands, and shook his head.

"Go back to your farm, my friend," he said. "I cannot take your money."

The second teacher was a friendly German. "Ach," he said, "you haf a so great lof, but dot iss not enough! Since you cannot be a little chilt again, to learn to play will be impossible!"

But all to whom he went were not so honest; and if his newly awakened knowledge of what music meant did not daunt him, the discouragement of others could affect him but little. He knew now, to be sure, that he had much to learn; but he knew, also, the greatness of his love, the intensity of his purpose. For, whereas his love for his fiddle and its music had hitherto been a dream, a vision, a prayer, now it was a mighty passion, a cause, one of the things for which a man might well lay down his life.

So he went from one teacher to another, and at last found one who would give him lessons. He discovered him through an advertisement in the paper: "Violin taught in thirty lessons." He thought the words must be true because they were printed—and he spent three scorching months of summer and much money before he discovered their falseness.

With autumn came the opportunity of hearing music. His ears were becoming accustomed now to harmony; he went wherever he could hear playing of any sort. At first he would come home from a concert exalted and happy; but gradually music inspired in him another feeling. There were days, especially as cold weather came on, when his old fingers could not master exercises that he had come to know were of the simplest; then he would be shaken with the

anguish of despair. If he could not learn such elemental things, how could he ever attain his ambition of surpassing those other players?

Gradually his little legacy dwindled. It had seemed enormous at home. When he first put it into the little bag that Mary Ellen had made him, he had thought it enough to last a lifetime. Yet before the end of the year it was so nearly gone that he had to leave the boarding-house and find himself a room where he could cook food for himself. He no longer had money enough for lessons. He had learned many things since coming to the city; he knew now some of the ways by which musicians made money. He still had faith enough in his fiddling to present himself as player at some of the theater orchestras. One leader looked at his hands and asked Samson what he was "giving" him; another brushed past him without a word; a third, who had happened to see the misery in Samson's eyes, demanded, not unkindly:

"Do you belong to the union?"

"What's that?" Samson asked; and the other shook his head and turned away. He bought less and less food; he had only the clothes he had brought from the country, and he was not young. There were days when pain and dread of the cold kept him in his room, a prisoner of woe. There were days when he could not bring himself to touch his violin.

The weeks dragged themselves away, and at last spring came again, and Samson's money was spent. When he paid for his room and packed his bag and went out with that in one hand and his violin under his arm, Mary Ellen's little bag was empty. But even then he had no thought of where he was going. He was numb with misery. His spirit's gift of courage was asleep, like his faculties. Blindly, without a thought of direction, he shuffled on. His steps were those of an old man, or of one who has been very ill. Once or twice people he passed turned to look at him, but Samson was unaware of them. He did not see the children skipping rope on the pavements, or the babies in the Square, or the men and women who passed him; he did not see the blossoming shrubs or the floating white clouds overhead. He did not know when he passed from the streets where the children played to those that were crowded with shoppers; but at last he knew something.

He stood still, and his eyes opened as if he had suddenly been awakened from sleep.

Everywhere, to the right and to the left of him, piled high on stands and benches, massed on the pavements, stretching from

curb to curb of the wide street, climbing up to the peaks of the market sheds; on wagons, in baskets, in people's hands, were flowers! He thought he was dreaming, but their scent was too real for that. It was their scent that had roused him; and they were really there, violets, daffodils, red, white and pink roses, and lilacs, and lilies—lilies everywhere, lilies like clouds, like foam on the crests of green waves.

Samson stood still in the hustling crowd, inhaling the sweetness. The color came back to his lips, and something, like memory, stirred in his heart.

A market woman was smiling at him from beside one of the flower stands, and Samson spoke to her.

"What are all these flowers for?" he asked.

"I never saw so many flowers in my life!"

"Why," said the market woman, "Sunday's Easter. I reckon there'll be more than this, tomorrow. It'll be a sight to see."

"Easter!" Samson repeated, half under his breath. Easter two days off, and he had forgotten!

He drew his breath sharply, and looked again into the market woman's kindly face. She broke a blossom from one of the little potted plants on her stand, and handed it to Samson.

"Smell that," she said. "What does it make you think of?"

Obediently, he held the flower to his face. It was heliotrope. In a flash of vision he saw the old garden at home, with its heliotrope and lemon verberna, its thyme and sweet basil, its daffodils and lilacs. He remembered other Easters.

THE Sunday quiet rested upon the fields, and Mary Ellen sat on the door step. It was the Day of Resurrection, and all the earth seemed aware of it. Lilacs and daffodils were in full bloom, the bleeding heart's fern-like leaves were opening, the horse-chestnut buds were swelling, and the cherry blossoms lay on the trees like snow. A basket of flowers that Mary Ellen had cut to leave at the cemetery on her way to church was on the path at her feet. She was facing the blooming garden, but her eyes saw none of its beauty; she was looking down the road, but she was not really aware of the figure that came into sight round the bend. She was thinking of a city's streets, and wondering, wondering.

Even when the man turned into the nearer path and came up to the house she did not move, for he was an intimate part of her thoughts, and many times had she imagined him coming in just that way.

"Well, Mary Ellen, I've come back," said Samson; and, although Mary Ellen

looked up into his face, only her quicker breathing told that she heard him. Samson laughed, and there was a ring in his voice that had never been there before; and his shoulders, which had drooped under the coat when it was stiff and new, were now braced back, although they showed thinner under the coat's limpness.

"And I'm glad I went, so's I could come back," he said. "It's worth it, Mary Ellen!"

"Samson!" she said then, almost under her breath. "Samson! What'd you come back for? Why didn't you stay and show 'em how great you are?"

Samson laughed again, and without a trace of bitterness. "Why, Mary Ellen," he said, "that sounds real funny now! I found out how great I am. It cost me a lot, but it's worth it. And I tell you what, Mary Ellen, I know a new tune! It's a song, I reckon, and it's all about home, and work, and makin' things grow, and gatherin' 'em in, and, and,"—Samson looked away, then back at Mary Ellen,—and things you've always had and didn't know the value of. It's the best tune there is, Mary Ellen!"

"Play it for me."

"It ain't a tune for a fiddle, Mary Ellen," he said. "It's a song for the heart, and it's the best song there is."

He looked toward the barn, across the fields, off to the line of the willows by the brook, and back to the house again. A plant in the window caught his attention.

"I see you got ma's heliotrope in bloom for Easter," he said.

Mary Ellen smiled as she took up the basket of flowers and rose. "Yes," she said. "And that old Dominicker hen's on her nest again, same's usual!"



"Mary Ellen, I've come back," said Samson

IN ELEVEN CHAPTERS. CHAPTER 9

EIGHT miles out from town, on what was known as the river road, three prominent citizens of Deep River found it increasingly difficult to see through the dusk and driving snow.

"Better slow down!" warned Stearns, anxiously. "It's getting dark. Mighty hard even to see the river—let alone catching sight of anyone on it!"

"Don't worry!" laughed Hale, confidently. "Nobody's on that river now! She's a bucking broncho in ordinary weather, but now, with the storm—"

"Switch on your headlights! See if they help any!" directed Stearns to Benbow Evans, at the wheel. "We're running into a regular blizzard!"

"Might as well turn back," suggested Deep River's real-estate magnate. "There's not much use—"

"Unless the boy's put in some place," interrupted Hale. "You can safely bet that he's been drowned if he hasn't. Just the same, you might continue on to the ten-mile corner, being as how you're so close to it!"

In the tumbling midst of the worst rapids on Deep River and heavily attired against the cold, Cameron faced odds greatly against his escaping alive from the swirling waters. He was tossed madly about, jolted roughly upon submerged rocks and, caught in eddies, sucked under for breath-taking moments. All this in addition to the paralyzing chill of the water and the growing weight of his garments! There was not the remotest chance for Cameron to divest himself of any of his clothes. The swiftness of the current and its treacherous undertows gave the factor's son all he could do to keep on top.

He was carried downstream rapidly, with the water churning and gurgling about him. Above, the snow had blanketed out the sky

Cameron MacBain Backwoodsman

By HAROLD M. SHERMAN and HAWTHORNE DANIEL

Illustrated by COURTNEY ALLEN

line as well as the shore line. The youth, struggling for existence, found himself in a world of fluttering white and rushing, pounding, roaring water. He stroked frenziedly until his arms tore at the sleeve pits of his coat. He hoped that the seams would give way and relieve the hindering tension which the coat formed across his shoulders. But here were seams that would have done a tailor proud. They resisted jerking strains at them, resisted these strains more tenaciously as the coat shrank tightly upon the wearer.

Cramped, his body stung with cold, and all but exhausted from furious efforts to escape the clutching grip of the water, Cameron felt himself to be fighting a losing battle. In quieter portions of the river he might have made shore with comparative ease, even under the handicap of clothes and the temperature of the water. The hazards which now confronted him demanded the utmost skill if he was to overcome them—skill unhampered by physical obstacles such as seams which bound his arms, and garments which weighed tons and tons!

"I—I can't keep up any longer," a voice said to Cameron, a voice which seemed to come from an interminable distance. A queer, prickling numbness began to take possession of him. Now it appeared as though everything would be all right if he



He had gone over the biggest falls of Deep River in his canoe, and battled his way out of the rapids

just ceased struggling and surrendered himself to the down-pulling tug of the gurgling waters. But, as he was about to do so, Cameron's sluggish senses were revived by a fast-fleeting vision. He saw momentarily and with poignant clearness his leave-taking of the folks at home. He felt again the gripping sadness of that farewell and heard once more the words of his father and mother as they voiced their loving faith in him. They had given their son up to the world on that day. Perhaps they had given him up never to return!

Shocked at this thought, Cameron somehow managed to call forth energy for a last, desperate resistance. He lunged out spasmodically with arms which no longer obeyed implicit demands. He was vaguely conscious of being caught and carried roughly, swiftly to the side. The next instant he was hurled violently against a wall of rock, sucked hungrily away and dashed into another rock-line formation.

"The shore!" cried an inner voice, a voice which reverberated as though from down a long, long hallway and sent out little eddying echoes. "The shore! The shore!"

If it were only possible for him to see! Oh, the dusk and the snow and the whipping spray of the water!

Cameron's feet encountered something solid. He tried to ground them and to brace himself against the bobbing current, but his feet slipped off, and he somersaulted, gulping in a quantity of the ice-cold liquid before regaining the surface.

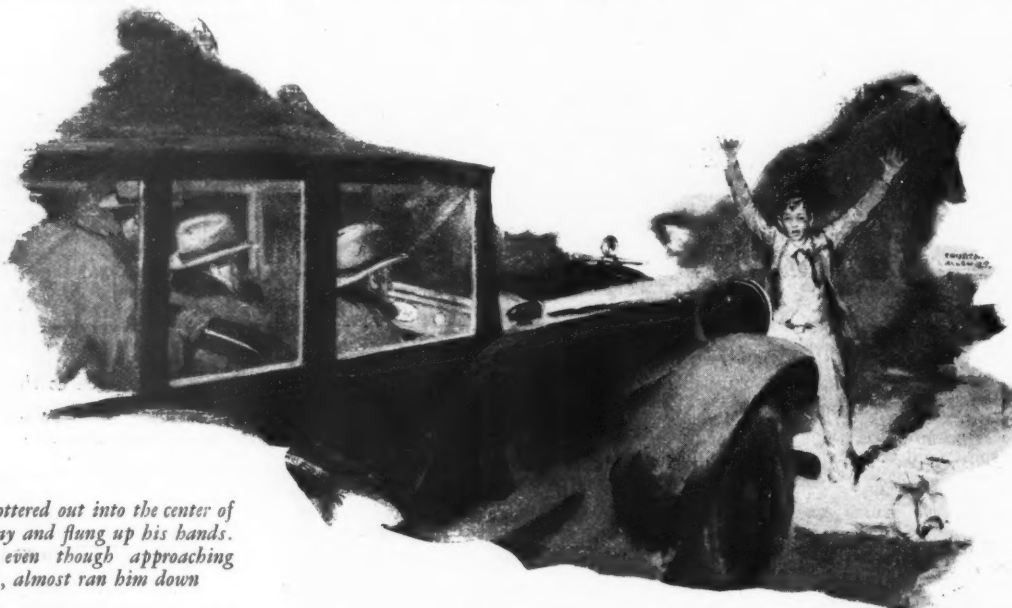
It was no use! He'd just have to let go now, to slip into that hazy background which beckoned him; it was a haziness in which there was no feeling, a gray haziness which changed softly into black and unconsciousness.

Cameron lifted an arm convulsively, but had not the power to complete the stroke. As he sank beneath the water it was with the rather ludicrous thought that the river was chuckling over its victory, a sort of chuckling which pounded against his eardrums and kept him from reaching that alluring curtain of blackness.

The next instant the body of the factor's son spun out of the rapids into still water and came to rest upon a sand bar. Contact with the river bottom and release from the maddening rush of the swift current acted as a partial restorative to the lad who had all but lost consciousness. He lunged to a sitting

position with his head and shoulders out of water. Five feet away was the river bank! Five feet—it seemed five miles! He crawled the distance on his hands and knees and clutched at the frozen edge of the bank with fingers which had lost their gripping force. Drunkenly he lurched to his feet, stumbled and fell, rose to his knees and rolled up out of the water onto ground which was wet with snow.

Cameron MacBain, backwoods youth of the Far North, had gone over the biggest falls on Deep River in his canoe and had battled his way out of the most treacherous of rapids, fully clothed, a feat which was destined to be heralded by hardy old settlers as an achievement well nigh superhuman!



Cameron tottered out into the center of the highway and flung up his hands. The car, even though approaching slowly, almost ran him down

NUMB and cold though he was, Cameron possessed enough remaining wit to realize that his situation was still most perilous. His salvation depended wholly upon his keeping in motion and finding some haven where proper attention could be given to his physical needs. Already his clothes had commenced to freeze on him. They crinkled as he crawled away from the bank, leaving dragging tracks in the snow. It took an immense effort for him to totter to his feet. The country about him was woody and thickly covered with underbrush. Farm houses were few and far between. The land, particularly along the river, had been too rocky to permit of successful agriculture. It had, however, afforded camping facilities hard to beat.

Cameron's one hope, as he staggered through the underbrush, was that he might stumble upon some hunter's shack in the woods or come upon a highway which would lead him to a house. He tripped and fell twice but kept on going. It all seemed much like the nightmares he had experienced wherein he had walked and walked and never gotten to any place. And the wind, whistling through his clothes, which now stuck out like great strips of cardboard, caused him to shake violently from the cold.

After a seeming hour of agonizing toil, of feeling his way, of peering anxiously ahead and at the sides, looking for some possible source of refuge from the storm and relief from his exhaustion, Cameron suddenly came upon a clearing which had a road running through it. He had no more than reached the road when, from around a bend, there gleamed the stunted rays of an automobile's headlights—stunted by the swirling snow!

Cameron tottered out into the center of the highway and flung up his hands. The car, even though approaching slowly, almost ran him down because of the exceedingly poor visibility. As it came to a stop, inches from him, the factor's son pitched forward upon his face.

"Look out, Evans! There's some one in the road! You've run him down!"

"No—I never hit him. I'm sure of it. He's fallen of his own accord!"

Three much concerned men crawled from a snow-covered car and made their way around to the front of the machine, where a stiff and bedraggled figure lay. Stearns, the first to reach the inert form, stooped down and turned it over upon its back. He started when he saw the face.

"What luck!" he exclaimed. "It's the kid!"

"All in, too!" observed Hale. "That boy's had a tussle of it in the water. Probably went over the falls! Say, he's a good 'un if that's what happened! The falls ain't ever been beat up to now! Looks like he's suffering considerable from exposure!"

"Let's get him into the car, quick," suggested Evans, nervously. "He's blue with cold, for one thing! Wouldn't exactly do to have anything serious occur to him!"

Hale and Stearns picked the youth up and, after some difficulty, managed to get him in on the back seat.

"Ought to get those clothes off right away!" insisted the real-estate magnate.

"Then wrap him up in these warm blankets! You don't suppose he's dead now, do you?"

"Calm down, Ben, calm down! You're letting yourself get all worked up over this. Of course the boy isn't dead—except dead tired. He'll come around all right with care or I'm a poor substitute for a doctor. But what's more important than that is—what are we going to do with him?"

The three men crouched in the car, soberly regarding one another.

"Why, I—I hadn't thought of that," faltered Evans. "My only thought was to take care of him as quickly as possible. He's—"

"Don't worry about him so much. Didn't we come out this way in the hopes of finding him? We've got worries of our own!"

"You bet we have!" seconded Hale. "If we take this fellow back to town, we do ourselves out of that property and also place ourselves in a mighty suspicious position!"

The form on the car seat stirred and emitted a low groan.

"Better be careful what you're saying," warned Evans. "He might hear you; and so far he certainly hasn't any reason to suspect us—nor anyone else!"

"Ah, he won't know what it's all about for some time," said Stearns confidently as Hale prepared to cut the clothes off with his pocket knife.

"Should say he won't," agreed the manager of Deep River's general store, after closer inspection. "He needs a good rubdown and real attention for a day or so. Look at the bruises on his body! Regular welts! And his skin's fairly drawn tight from the cold!"

"He might go into chills, then pneumonia!" pictured Evans. "You know—the more I think of this thing, John, the more I think we ought to give it up as a bad job!"

"Give it up? When everything's handed to us on a platter the way this is!" boomed Stearns. "And the time's up at midnight tomorrow! Don't be ridiculous!"

"But we've got the boy on our hands, and it seems to me—"

"Here it is—there's always a way out. This'll fix it! How about taking the boy to your home and having him put to bed and every care given him? Then, to make certain he doesn't get in touch with us until after the time limit for the property's going to him has arrived, we'll catch the night train for—"

The form on the back seat stirred again and groaned.

"Even his underwear's frozen stiff!" announced Hale, pulling at the buttons, which

snapped off easily. "Go ahead. That don't sound bad—we catch the night train for where?"

"For St. Paul," finished Stearns, "and put up until after October 1 at the Hotel Seldon!"

Seldon! Cameron, returning to vague consciousness, had heard a strangely familiar voice talking. He perhaps would have made nothing out of what was being said had it not been for the mentioning of the word Seldon. Hotel Seldon! How peculiar! It should be Fort Seldon! Whoever heard tell of a Hotel Seldon? Some one was tearing his clothes off him—the car was starting up—he was being taken somewhere! My, it seemed good to be able to lie still and feel that some-

thing was being done for you! He was so tired, so very, very tired. There was that hazy background again, beckoning to him, but there was nothing to fear from it this time; it would do him good to fade into it and forget the weariness of his body for a while.

"All right," agreed Evans, as he turned the car back toward Deep River, "I'll follow your advice, John, though I'm not so sure about getting rid of the boy easily after we get back and the legal part of the business is taken care of!"

"Just you leave that end of the transaction to me," reassured Stearns. "Say, did you ever see a wilder night for this time of year? Try stepping on the gas a little harder. It's absolutely imperative that we get this lad safely parked in your home and catch that train for St. Paul. If we should miss connections we stand to lose a fortune!"

THE following morning a heavy-set gentleman stepped off the train at Deep River and inquired of old Bob, the station agent, as to the whereabouts of a Mr. Pierce.

"I've never met the man," he said, "but I had a wire from him recently. If you could just tell me how to get to his place—"

"Moulton Pierce doesn't have any place of business, if that's what you mean," informed old Bob, studying the stranger curiously. "He's a traveling salesman, and I'm not sure but this is his day to be starting out on the road again. You'll find him at his home, 317 Baker Street, if he's in."

"If he's in, eh?" chuckled the heavy-set man. "And where might 317 Baker Street be? I probably could find it if I looked around long enough, but I'm in something of a hurry!"

Old Bob pointed out the direction as carefully as he had given the same information to Cameron some days before.

"And if you go wrong after what I've told you—ask anybody!" the station master called after his departing questioner. The heavy-set man waved his hand with a confident gesture. As old Bob turned back into the station he asked himself, "Now I wonder who that important-looking person is? 'Never met Pierce but had a wire from him recently.' H'mmm! Appears like Pierce is being considered for a new job. I'll bet this man's come to hire him! Well, won't that be news for Deep River!"

The stranger had no trouble in following directions. He turned in at the address given without the slightest hesitation and, scorn-

ing the doorbell, rapped sharply on the upper door panels. The summons brought the very man he wanted.

"Mr. Pierce?" queried the heavy-set man, pleasantly.

"Yes, sir. What can I do for you?"

"My name's Ballinger—Frank Ballinger." The traveling salesman started. Noting the look of incredulity upon Mr. Pierce's face, the stranger continued.

"Pretty close follow-up on my letter, isn't it? But I got an urgent call to St. Paul just after writing you and, seeing as how I'd gotten that far, I couldn't resist the temptation to run up to Deep River. Thought maybe I might be able to do something further for the son of my old friend, Matthew MacBain!"

"Come right in!" invited Mr. Pierce, cordially, throwing the door wide open. "That's mighty fine of you, Ballinger, to have gone to this trouble. It just happens that some one like you is badly needed. There's something strange going on here. The boy, Cameron, has disappeared!"

It was the Edmonton factor's turn to be surprised. Quickly, so as not to keep his visitor in suspense, Mr. Pierce related all he knew about the happenings; told of his suspicions as to the boy's identity, and of the attitude of three Deep River men who were concerned with the disposition of the late Cameron MacBain's property.

"So you think the boy's been done away with?" snapped Mr. Ballinger, pacing up and down the room in great agitation.

"I think he's been forcibly removed from the scene," answered Mr. Pierce, carefully.

"If so, why and by whom?" persisted Cameron's self-appointed friend from the north.

"That I'm not prepared to say," replied Mr. Pierce. "I've been unable to figure out a real motive for such an action, and it's difficult to believe that any of the three gentlemen I have mentioned would be mixed up in underhanded work. They are among our best known citizens!"

"Which doesn't necessarily cut any ice!" rejoined Mr. Ballinger. "Where are those gentlemen now? Could I see them?"

The factor of the Hudson's Bay post at Edmonton was a man of action. He held the reputation in the north of being a square-shooter. Woe unto those who crossed Frank Ballinger's trail if they didn't happen to be square-shooters like himself! It was never deemed wise for anyone to get the factor's fighting blood up. Many who had could testify as to its relentless quality. "Iron-handed" Ballinger they called him. And now Ballinger's iron hands were twitching to get at those responsible for whatever had been done to a son of the Far North whose father he respected.

"I'm mighty glad I acted on the trigger and came up here!" said the man from Edmonton, as he strode toward lawyer Stearns's office in company with the man from Deep River. "I like your style, Pierce! Between us we ought to round up the guilty ones and make 'em squirm!"

AT the law office the secretary with the shell-rimmed spectacles informed Mr. Pierce that Mr. Stearns was out of town and not expected back until the morrow.

"Mighty queer!" Pierce confided to Ballinger when the two had descended the stairs to the street. "Stearns was gone yesterday when I tried to get in touch with him after receiving your letter. Evans and Hale were gone, too! Not often that all three are absent from town. We'll see if all three are away yet today! And if they are—"

Moulton Pierce led the factor of the post at Edmonton to the general store owned by the late Cameron MacBain.

"Hale in?" asked Pierce of a town loafer whom he met at the door.

"Naw, he's outa the city!" answered the loafer, with more spirit than usual. "Say, you hear about the cut-tas-tro-phy?"

"No, what's happened?"

"Bill Elkins in there, he found a smashed-up canoe this morning. You know that young fellow that come here 'bout a week ago claimin' he was entitled to Mac's property? Well, Bill found his wallet an' other belongings strapped to a rib an'—"

The loafer got no further. Pierce and Ballinger pushed him roughly aside and hurried into the store, where an excited group of townspeople stood listening to Elkins's depiction of his findings.

"Yes, sir," repeated Elkins for the hundredth time, "I couldn't believe my eyes at first when I spotted that canoe, all busted up, bobbin' up and down in that mess o' driftwood! I had a time gettin' out to her,

but a long pole fetched her in. Even then I figured maybe she'd gotten away from some place, bein' left half out o' water, for it was easy to see she'd gone over the falls. Anybody that knowed anythin' 'bout the river wouldn't take them falls in a canoe unless they was aimin' on suicide, I told myself; so you can bet how staggered I was when I finds this stuff aboard!"

Elkins exhibited the soaked wallet and a wad of papers, the writings on which were mostly blurred beyond making out. But a letter of introduction with the stamp of the Hudson's Bay Company upon it was still in condition to be read, although the sheet had fallen apart at the folds.

"Here's Pierce!" cried Elkins, spying the traveling man as he came in the door. "He met the kid. Say, Moulton, what do you think o' this?"

Pierce and Ballinger examined the mute evidence silently. Townsfolk regarded the heavy-set stranger with open curiosity. Who was this man? Why did he seem so interested in this happening?

"How long ago do you figure this—this accident occurred?" demanded Ballinger of Elkins.

"Can't exactly say. Chances are it was last night—maybe during the snow. Nobody would stay on that river after dark, not near the falls anyway!"

"H'mmm! Has anyone gone up the river to look for the occupant of the canoe?"

"Not yet. I come right to the store soon as I could. Calculated the news ought to be spread first. Besides it 'ud take more'n one to really do any good searchin' for a body."

Pierce placed a hand on Ballinger's arm.

"Step over here by the counter a minute," he said in a low voice. When out of range of the group, the close friend of the late Cameron MacBain continued: "This whole thing begins to look pretty black. I don't like Stearns and Hale being absent at this particular time. Wouldn't surprise me now to learn that Evans cannot be reached to-day. What do you make of this canoe business?"

"Looks to me like the boy had been taken away from town and had tried to get back by canoe," guessed Ballinger, "and in trying to get back he overturned."

"Then you think he's—he's drowned?" ventured Pierce.

"It's more than likely."

The factor of the Hudson's Bay trading post at Edmonton spoke bluntly. There was a reluctant tinge to his deduction, but facts could not be altered. If the boy was drowned, he was drowned. No amount of wishing or regret would change matters. But, if the lad himself was beyond help, there still remained the opportunity to avenge his death by tracking down those responsible.

"Has this man Evans a 'phone?" he asked.

Pierce nodded.

"See if you can get him!" Ballinger directed.

Unable to get the office of the real-estate magnate, Pierce called the house. In a few moments a girlish voice answered.

"Hello; Catherine?—This is Moulton Pierce speaking. Is your father in?—What's that? Out of town?" Pierce nodded significantly at Ballinger. "How long has he been gone, do you know?—Oh, since last night! I see. Did he say when to expect him back?—He didn't?—Is that so?—No.—How's that?"

Pierce stiffened. He plied the receiver up and down to improve the reception. Ballinger, looking on, leaned forward wondering.

"Hello! What did you say?—The MacBain boy? Where?—In bed and asleep! You don't tell me!—Out on the river road! Well, well!" Pierce sagged against the counter, giving a side-glance at the highly interested Ballinger. "How is he? Have you had a doctor for him?—That's remarkable! They've just found his canoe, and everybody figured— Say, I'm coming right out to see him!"

Pierce set the 'phone down and turned to Cameron's friend from the north.

"This whips me! Evans's daughter tells me that her father picked the boy up on the river road last night, exhausted and suffering from exposure. He brought Cameron back to his home and had him put to bed, and the housekeeper's been taking care of him. At that rate it rather looks like I was mistaken about suspecting—"

"Let's be on our way to see the boy!" urged Ballinger. "We can't get anywhere on suppositions. This thing's got to be attacked from the inside!"

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

The Sins of Price

PPRICE cutting sins against quality. Price cutting sacrifices serviceability — because low prices are often made by "skimping," by adulteration and substitution.

The United States Pure Food Law made the sins of price a crime. But this law protects you only on the things you eat.

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FACT AND COMMENT

DON'T enjoy not enjoying what the average man has enjoyed.—Dr. W. H. Moberly.

It Costs \$28,000,000 a year to replace the milk bottles that are lost or broken by customers or delivery men. That is only one item in the tremendous cost that carelessness presents us every year.

THE OLD SCHOOL HOUSE at Woodbury, L. I., where Walt Whitman once taught school had been sold to a carpenter for \$18, to be torn down for the lumber in it, when an admirer of Whitman stepped in, bought the old building and will preserve it as a memorial to the poet.

SOONER OR LATER Europe must become one nation, and anyone who travels in it will always be in a common fatherland. After the fall of my system it seems to me that the only way in which an equilibrium can be achieved in Europe is through a league of nations.—Napoleon Bonaparte.

THE NATIONAL ADVISORY COMMISSION FOR AERONAUTICS tells us that the words "aviator" and "aviatrix" are already obsolete. We must say "pilot" instead. Moreover, we must not use "dirigible" as a noun, but only as an adjective; and we must say "airport" and not "aërodrome."

FAIR PLAY FOR THE FARMERS

WHATEVER anyone thinks about the wisdom, the justice or the practical efficacy of particular measures that have been or are to be proposed for the improvement of the economic condition of the farmers who are engaged in producing wheat, corn and cotton in quantity, it is impossible not to sympathize with the motives behind these measures. The prosperity of agriculture is always important; in the long run it is absolutely essential to the stability and the proper balance of a nation's affairs. That the Western and Southern farmers have as a body been getting less than their fair share of the general prosperity of the United States is clear enough. The causes of this situation are also obvious. They are the overvaluation of farm land that followed the agricultural boom of the war years, the inability or unwillingness of a post-war Europe to take the amount of food supplies from us that our farms are capable of raising, the singular effect of women's fashions in dress, which have seriously diminished the demand for cotton goods. Economic conditions, all of them, which it seems certain that time will correct; but meanwhile is there nothing to be done about it? Is there no measure of relief on which the friends of the agriculturist can agree that will commend itself to all the other classes of our population, each of which, after the fashion of humanity, is alert to its own interest, and only afterward ready to listen to what its neighbors want?

We confess we do not know what answer to make; but we are sure that the nation will blunder if it does not in the end follow a policy that will encourage agriculture to the same extent that it encourages mechanical industry. The tendency of modern civilization has long been to sacrifice farming to manufacturing, because of the greater

possibilities of wealth and military power that a rapid development of industry holds out. Even in Russia the government is preaching the necessity of "industrializing" the nation, though it is in continual protest against the inevitable consequences of that process as seen in other countries. Great Britain has carried the sacrifice of its agriculture farther than any other nation. It has gained wealth thereby, but it faces today the perils of overpopulation, of dependence for its daily bread on other lands, and of a collapse of the world markets on which all its prosperity was founded. We are a long way from that unfortunate situation, but we are moving toward it. A little less eagerness for rapid industrial expansion and a little more consideration for a declining agricultural interest would be the part of wisdom. Is there enough intelligence and foresight among the leaders of the nation to bring that about?

TWO WORDS ABOUT "SEWING SUSIE"

MISS SINGMASTER'S charming little story of the adventures and experiences of a girl and a boy during the battle of Gettysburg, now running in The Youth's Companion, suggests to us two accompanying comments. In the first place, we observe how generally the Civil War has now receded into history. The passions and prejudices which marked that great epoch in our national life are fading. A reunited country cherishes the examples of courage and devotion that both sides offered. It finds in them no longer any cause for division, but an inspiration to make the America of the present and the future a worthy fruitage of the blood and the sacrifice of those years. This result—the obliteration of sectional jealousies and enmities—The Youth's Companion has for two generations done whatever it could to forward; and it rejoices today in the progress that has been made toward the realization of its hopes.

In the second place, we are sure that stories of this sort are of special value to the boys and girls of today. Young people in the United States generally live secure and sheltered lives. It cannot but be helpful to them to know how that safety and that shelter were won. And we hope that in reading of the dangers and hardships through which their grandparents and great-grandparents had to pass while this nation was being shaped by the pioneers, and forged in the heat of warfare, they will find themselves strengthened and fortified for their own future task—the preservation of what so much toil and sacrifice has gained for them.

MODESTY GROWN CONSPICUOUS

MODESTY, it appears, can be so abnormal as to become the substance of a very wide publicity. That is the case in respect to Col. Thomas E. Lawrence; the famous Englishman who rendered such services to the Allies during the World War, by attaching the Arab tribes to their cause and by actually leading an Arab army against the Turks in Palestine.

Lawrence was always a retiring and rather mysterious figure. Romantic and extraordinary as his adventures among the Arabians were, we got only hints and glimpses of them. Newspaper correspondents got some wind of them and told us what they knew, and perhaps some things that they imagined, but Lawrence himself could never be got to talk about them, or even to affirm or to deny the truth of the amazing stories that were told about him. After the war was over he disappeared from the public eye. He asked for no military promotion and wrote nothing for the magazines, though he could have named his own price for a score of articles. He even refused honors that the British government pressed upon him and buried himself as a private soldier at an aviation camp in England. It is not known where he is at present; one report, perhaps the most authentic, has it that he is a mechanic in a tank corps in India, still with the rank of private.

Now we learn that he has written the story of his remarkable career in Arabia; but with characteristic modesty he began by having only half a dozen copies printed for his intimate friends. His publishers persuaded him to have 150 more copies struck off, and those that are on sale are fetching extraordinary prices. A very small edition has been printed in the United States. Only ten copies are offered to the public; and it is said that they will bring \$20,000 each. The

publishers say that the author has had these editions printed and copyrighted, not for the money they will bring, but for the curious purpose of suppressing the full story of his adventures. Since the copyright protects him, no one can legally print any more copies of the complete work, and the popular edition which is to follow will omit much that the limited editions contain.

Whatever is behind all this unusual behavior, no better means could have been found to stimulate curiosity and interest in the mysterious author, and no book, so far as we know, has ever sold at any such price on its original appearance as is placed on the copies of "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom" in its American edition. The "uncrowned King of Arabia," humbly tinkering with refractory tanks in some hill station in India, is paradoxically his own best press agent, a distinction which, from all we know of him, he would abhor.

THIS WORLD

A Weekly Summary of Current Events

BULLETINS FROM CHINA

A NUMBER of troops have been sent down from the northern province of Shantung to help keep the Cantonese army out of Shanghai. These fellows are inclined to follow the good old Chinese practice of looting whatever they can from the people among whom they are quartered, and the foreign residents of Shanghai have had to raise volunteer forces to help the British and American troops already in the city to keep order and discourage the acquisitive propensities of the Shantung marauders. Meanwhile the Cantonese armies of Chiang Kai-shek gradually draw nearer both to Shanghai and to Nanking, and the sympathy of the population seems increasingly with them. We hear rumors, however, of political dissension among the leaders of the South China republic. They are said to be divided over the question of Russian influence in China. Chiang Kai-shek wants the Russians weeded out and a wholly Chinese policy followed. There is a strong Communist party that wants Chiang shelved and an open alliance made with the Soviets; and there is a "middle of the road" group, led by Mr. Chen, the foreign minister, which is trying to reconcile the opposing forces and to keep the Kuomintang, as the South China party calls itself, united.

MORE PROFESSORS ON THE WAR DEBTS

FOLLOWING the manifesto recently issued by a group of professors in Columbia University, recommending a reconsideration of our whole policy with regard to the so-called war debts that certain European nations owe us, there has appeared a similar document signed by more than a hundred members of the faculty of Princeton. The statement, written by President Hibben, declares that the present arrangements, made and proposed, do not meet the situation and ought to be much more liberal. The argument is founded on the principle that "in economics as well as in morals altruism is indistinguishable from true self-interest," and that we shall promote our own material welfare and add to our moral influence by a frankly generous treatment of our foreign debtors. The publication of the manifesto was promptly followed by an open letter from Secretary Mellon, defending the settlements reached by our Debt Commission with the representatives of other countries.

PERHAPS A NAVAL PARLEY AFTER ALL

ALTHOUGH France and Italy rather brusquely declined President Coolidge's invitation to a second conference on naval restriction, Great Britain and Japan, the two strongest sea powers outside the United States, have expressed their interest in the proposal and agreed to take part in such a conference if it is called. The probability is that the three powers will send representatives to meet rather informally at Geneva, there to discuss freely the entire question of naval construction. It is even possible that France and Italy may think it best to reconsider their position when the sessions begin and end by taking part in them.

SETTLING THE SARRE

THE Council of the League of Nations has been meeting at Geneva, and the occasion was a fairly fruitful one. For one thing the rather difficult matter of the Sarre Valley, which the treaty of Versailles permitted the French to occupy until 1935, when a plebiscite to settle the future of the region is to be held, was amicably settled. France has now agreed to remove its troops from the Sarre Valley at the same time that it recalls them from the Rhineland. Their place is to be taken by a "railway defense corps" of 800 men made up of soldiers of different nationalities. The League, without accomplishing any great fundamental changes in the disposition of the European peoples, is proving an increasingly useful agency for ironing out the comparatively small differences and disputes which, in the past, have so often gone on festering in the European body-politic until they resulted in open hostilities.

A STIR IN THE STATE DEPARTMENT

THE news that Mr. Lawrence Dennis, our secretary of legation in Nicaragua, had resigned and was coming home to protest against the system of promotion in the diplomatic service and the methods of giving out news followed by the State Department caused some excitement at Washington. That agitation was increased by a rumor that Mr. Dennis had said that Secretary Kellogg had instructed the American Legation at Managua to help President Diaz in his campaign for election. The latter report was quieted by an emphatic denial from Secretary Kellogg. The basis of Mr. Dennis's objections to the conduct of promotions in the service is understood to be his belief that men are advanced, not for their capacity and energy in the service, but for their wealth or social position. His arrival in Washington was awaited with interest.

ESKIMOS THE FIRST FRENCHMEN?

CANADIAN scientific men, representing the Canadian School of Prehistory, have been digging about in the department of the Dordogne in France, where relics of early stone-age man are very abundant; and they declare that the skulls, weapons and domestic implements they find there convince them that the cave dwellers of the Dordogne were the ancestors of the Eskimo of Canada and Greenland. They believe that during the glacial age these men lived in France at the edge of the European ice, and that as the ice retreated they followed it, drifting north and east across Europe and Asia, until they crossed Bering Strait and wandered through northern North America to their present homes. An interesting theory, to say the least.

SOVIET DIPLOMACY

RUSSIA and Latvia have signed a treaty by which each country agrees to respect the other's territory and to join no other nation in any aggression on its neighbor. The treaty is regarded as a blow at the Polish ambition to arrange an *entente* of eastern European states, anti-Russian in character; and the members of the Council of the League of Nations are afraid that the treaty is in violation of the League agreement, which Latvia has signed, inasmuch as it would prevent Latvia from taking part in any economic measures against Russia, if in the course of events such a step should be taken by the League. It is clear that the smaller Baltic states are more apprehensive of Russia than they are of the League and are correspondingly anxious to be on good terms with the Soviets.

MR. FORD SUED FOR LIBEL

THE suit for damages of one million dollars which Aaron Sapiro is bringing against Henry Ford has attracted great attention. Mr. Sapiro is well known for his activity in organizing and directing various agricultural cooperative enterprises. Mr. Ford's paper, the Dearborn Independent, charged that Mr. Sapiro was the instrument of certain Jewish financiers who aspire to control American agriculture for their own profit, and that he had not dealt fairly with the cooperative societies which he organized. The case went on trial at Detroit, and Senator Reed of Missouri appeared as counsel for Mr. Ford.

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of
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MISCELLANY

Historic Calendar



Drawn by L. F. Grant

April 15, 1896.

Olympic Games revived in Athens

*THE athletes came, the pick of all the world;
And kings and queens were there, and
knaves and aces,
To see the javelin thrown, the discus hurled,
And vigor, skill and speed in games and
races.*

ARTHUR GUTTERMAN

LIFE'S GRAVITATIONS

The Companion's Religious Article

THE apostles Peter and John once spent a night in jail. It was a new experience for them, though later they became somewhat accustomed to such events. Theirs had been the freedom of village life, and of the boat on the Sea of Galilee. They bore themselves well on their examination, and were released under circumstances that gave them renewed courage. After a rather brilliant hour in court, in which things went well for them, they were released. "And, being let go, they went to their own company."

Naturally so, for they were away from home, and there were not many places where they would have been welcome. They never doubted what they would do when they were free. They went to their own.

"Birds of a feather flock together," and society finds its various levels with less deliberate direction than some people suppose necessary. There is such a thing as social gravitation.

The lad throwing his ball in air sees it descend each time and cries, "What goes up must come down." But a different result is perceived when he loses the string of his toy balloon. Some things go not down but up. If the lad were to release on the shore of a stream a worm, a fish, a rabbit and a bird, the worm would bore his way into the ground, the fish would slap into the water and swim away, the rabbit would hop off to the briar patch, and the bird would fly to the tree tops.

There are many kinds of people in the world, and they seek their own levels with disconcerting certainty. Three or four boys from the same village, going away to school or to employment, act very differently when home restraints are removed. Of each kind it may be said that, being let go, he goes to his own company.

The company to which Peter and John went was good company. It was company that gave them cheer and courage and helped them to live at their best. They had something to give to that company as well as something to receive from it. It was just where they belonged and ought to have been. And it was the most natural place in the world for them to go.

Our immediate destination and our ultimate destiny seem in some sort to inhere in those qualities that make up our own aptitudes. We are not wholly made by our environments; we choose them, and, being let go, we go to our own. In the case of Peter and John that going was as fine as it was for them natural. Goodness is at its best when it is so.

DIETETICS

The Companion's Medical Article

THE value of diet in the prevention and treatment of disease is receiving increasing attention from medical writers and practitioners, and the fact that the food we eat is potent in causing many of our physical ills is gaining recognition. It is, however, a comparatively young science, and its scope is not yet absolutely defined. For example, we used to hear a great deal about calories, or heat units, and a diet

(Continued on page 265)

WATERWAYS ARE NEW HIGHWAYS OF HAPPINESS

Easy to Start and Man- what Speed

WHAT a fellow wants in an outboard motor is performance. A Johnson starts with one pull of the cord and has speed enough to easily go around any motor of similar size. That's what you get in a Johnson, the motor that wins the races.

With the right kind of boat you can get up to 13 miles per hour from a Johnson Light Twin. On water—that's real travelling. Other Johnson motors offer a speed range up to 27 miles per hour and more with the proper boat.

Take dad to the nearest Johnson dealer and see the Light Twin, the lightest twin cylinder boat motor in the world. If there isn't a nearby Johnson dealer write for our catalog and show it to him.

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World's Largest Manufacturer of Outboard Motors

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Export Division: 75 West St., New York, N. Y.



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1927 Johnsons give
Still Greater Speed**

JOHNSON Won at every
Mississippi Valley Power
Boat Association and Amer-
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sanctioned 1926 racing Regatta—
Louisville, New York,
Cleveland, Toledo, Cincinnati,
Norfolk, Detroit and
other watering places.



Johnson
Outboard Motors



It's fun to shoot, and
it's sensible, too!
Every boy in America
should have his
chance to learn. On
the "Arcturus" and
the "Morrissey" I
found that real men
grow up from the
boys who know how
to handle a rifle.
—David Binney Putnam

Every Boy Should Learn to Shoot says David Binney Putnam

Every Daisy-owning boy knows David Putnam — and his two thrilling books — "David Goes Voyaging" — and "David Goes to Greenland" — telling about his adventures aboard the famous "Arcturus" at Galapagos Islands — and again on the schooner "Morrissey" far north of the Arctic Circle.

David has learned what it means to have a sure, quick trigger-finger. Read his letter! Not every boy will have David's opportunities for travel — but every boy who owns a Daisy Air Rifle can have in his own neighborhood plenty of the adventure and fun of target shooting.

It's sensible because it trains your quickness of thought and action — so necessary to your success in all athletics.

Ask your dealer for a free copy of the Daisy Manual, and have him show you the Daisy Pump Gun — just like the high power big-game rifles in its fine finish and its "snappy" lines. Safe and accurate! It shoots 50 rounds without reloading. \$5 at all dealers. Other Daisy Air Rifles, \$1 to \$5.

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Plymouth, Michigan, U. S. A.

DAISY AIR RIFLES



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Keep it in place with the dressing more fellows use than any other . . .

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Note the manly trend of this service shoe, then ask to see the oxford and the dress shoe.

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the first step is
to use the
coupon below

The Y. C. Lab Makes Its Fifth \$100.00 Quarterly Award

This seal on
manufactured
products cer-
tifies tests made
by the Y. C.
Lab



The Governors go West in their award of this high honor to Member John N. Degelman of San Diego, Calif.

ONCE again the Y. C. Lab makes one of the stirring announcements of the year. Once more it has sought out, discovered and rewarded the merit of a boy who but for it would be able to enjoy a bare fraction of the recognition that is due him. Of the 12,000 Applicants for membership in the Society, and more than five score winners of awards, whether Annual, Quarterly, Weekly or Special, no boy can well hope to present a better example of the qualities which make for success than Member John N. Degelman, of 3604 Texas Street, San Diego, Calif. The Governors, Director and Councilors announce with great pleasure this award to Member Degelman, following long and careful consideration of eight outstanding candidates for this honor, all of whom will be heard of again.

Diligent readers of the Y. C. Lab page will have heard of Member Degelman before. Although he is a comparative newcomer in the Society (he was elected to Associate Membership on October 27, 1926), he has already been the recipient of a \$5.00 Weekly Award. The greater honor of the Quarterly Award now comes to him for repeated examples of scientific and engineering skill, unflagging interest in all the affairs of the Society and prompt and effective cooperation with the Director whenever request has been made.

Member Degelman was 17 years old on March 28. He is an orphan, living at present with his uncle and grandmother. His considerable success, particularly in radio and in chemistry, is all the more remarkable when it is considered that neither money nor the parental guidance and advice which most boys have had any bearing on it. He has succeeded so far because of keen interest and boundless ambition. He will continue to succeed for these same reasons.

Member Degelman had the distinction of becoming a licensed amateur radio operator at the age of 13. He had been a radio amateur three years before that. At 14 he qualified as a licensed commercial operator.



An earlier photograph of Member Degelman with his homemade radio set

You May Be the Next

THE \$100.00 Quarterly Award to Member Degelman announced on this page is the fifth so far made public. Since its establishment in October, 1925, the Lab has distributed an impressive total in actual cash to boys who have thoroughly demonstrated their worth.

Member Degelman serves as a remarkable example of what a boy can accomplish. There are, however, many other boys whose records would be no less interesting to follow and no less deserving of reward. Are you one? We can have a small idea that you are, of course, so long as you are not enrolled as a Member of this unique scientific and engineering society for boys. If you are solely interested in the financial aspects of the Society, you should not, of course, clip the coupon below. But if, like Member Degelman, you have a genuine interest in the affairs for which the Y. C. Lab stands, you should hesitate no longer, but fill out the coupon and return it immediately to the Director, Y. C. Lab, 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. Who knows but that you are a future winner of a Quarterly Award?

ELECTION COUPON

The Director, Y. C. Lab
8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

I am a boy . . . years of age, and am interested in creative and constructive work.

Send me full particulars of the Y. C. Lab, and an Election Blank upon which I may submit my name for Associate Membership.

Signature

Address

4-14



The Chemical Laboratory which Member Degelman built and furnished himself

He has been interested in working with tools and machinery from the age of 9. Electricity interested him at an early age, and he constructed some miniature apparatus, particularly relating to telephone and telegraph lines. He was early interested, likewise, in model-making, although he has increasingly concentrated since then in radio and chemistry.

Member Degelman possesses an articulateness comparatively rare in people of a highly scientific cast of mind. He has told his own story so effectively that we can do no better than to quote him and to let his record of achievement speak for itself.

"Four or five years ago, a mechanically inclined boy, named Rowe, slightly older than I, moved into our neighborhood. We became acquainted and decided to put up a telegraph line. We collected every scrap of copper wire we could find. When the line was at last strung up it was in spliced, unsoldered sections of old blasting wire. There was not a whole piece of wire in it more than a yard long, and it was strung on broken bottles for insulators; but it would carry signals, and that was the most important thing. We made key and buzzer sets out of strap brass and doorbells and learned the radio code. We looked forward to amateur licenses about the way I look forward to a degree in engineering at the present time—something to strive for without expecting to gain.

"Rowe and I soon scrapped the telegraph line and used the wire for a radio antenna. We put two four-foot posts at each end of my grandmother's roof and tried to copy a ship's antenna as nearly as possible. We did a miserable job of soldering, setting the roof on fire once, but the thing worked.

"It was some time before we could connect any radio apparatus to our antenna. We built it all from nickels collected one and two at a time in a tin can. We even had to wind the magnets in the receivers with the secondary wire of an old Ford spark coil. Saturday mornings, with the bottom of the tin can lightly covered with nickels, we would walk to town and gaze in the electric shop windows at the shiny and very expensive apparatus that lay there. Just to think that not a scrap of it could be ours hurt more than anything else. If I grow up to be a man and an engineer, I am going to try to remember how I felt, and my greatest pleasure will be in helping some science-starved 12-year-olds.

"At about the same time I built my first radio set I nailed some shelves and boxes to the walls of the old garage in the back yard and started a chemistry laboratory. The only water I could get was brought down in a bucket, and for heat I used a Christmas candle. A druggist friend of mine gave me about a dollar's worth of chemicals and apparatus, and with this equipment I learned, by the time I was 11 years old, the difference between metals and non-metals and the principles of ionization and oxidation. I also learned the atomic and molecular theory, the difference between an element and a compound, and the difference between qualitative and quantitative analysis. I can fully realize how narrow a fund of knowledge this was, but I was hampered by lack of funds, encouragement and sources of information. I could not and did not find it possible to get, altogether, more than about a dollar's worth of material during the time I learned the above facts.

"During the September of 1924 I started work in the San Diego Union editorial office, which made it possible for me to build a vacuum tube receiver. I built it with large honey-

comb coils to tune to about 1000 meters and over; and, using only one and two tubes, I copied Nauen in Germany, Paris, Stavanger, Norway, the United States naval station in China, and a few other foreign stations. I could hear these powerful 300,000-watt arcs pouring their steady streams of traffic, at any hour, even at three o'clock in the morning. The set's main fault was that it tuned terribly broad.

"Through practice on the long wave set, by the Christmas of 1924 I could receive about 20 or 25 words per minute, and I passed my commercial examination. I had failed several times before, and this success made me very happy.

"About a year later, my cousin in Los Angeles sent me a large crate of glassware and photographic supplies, which I could not put to full use because of the lack of a suitable laboratory. I resolved to build one as soon as possible. I saved as I did for my first radio set, but my income through the Union was much larger. I walked to town and back to save car fare. When I worked nights I gave up supper. I filled coffee cans with show and candy money.



Member Degelman at the door of his Laboratory

"A year ago, the dream of almost half my life was fulfilled. In one corner of the back yard there stood a little laboratory. I had paid for and built it all. There was about fifty dollars' worth of cheap lumber in the whole structure, but it was all mine. I paid for it not only in dollars and cents but in many other ways, but it is worth it. I love science and engineering; I cannot remember when I did not; I think I was born that way. I regard my membership in the Y. C. Lab greatest of the honors that have come my way.

"This is a formidable record for a boy of 17. Member Degelman looks forward to the professional career of a chemical engineer. With the force that has driven him on so far still in operation it seems difficult to imagine that he will not attain his end. The Governors, Director, and Councilors supplement their award to Member Degelman with sincerest congratulations and all good wishes for the future. In this they feel positive the 12,000 Members and Applicants of the Lab will join them. Code operators among them may quite appropriately send out a call some evening to 6RL and say "Congratulations," for this is the official call which brings in the station in the home-made shack built from dimes and pennies in San Diego.

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April 4th to 11th is NATIONAL BASEBALL WEEK PLAY BALL!



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These easy-fitting, moccasin type, long-wearing soft chrome leather, fully lined Goodyear welts, leather insoles, guaranteed 100 percent waterproof outsoles of famous "Hood Arrow" fiber, outwear leather two to one. Rubber heels. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed or money back.
Men's black or brown, sizes 6 to 11, \$4.85; Boys' brown only, sizes 1 to 5½, \$3.85; Little boys' brown, sizes 9 to 13½, \$3.50. Send drawing of foot without shoe.



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MISCELLANY

(Continued from page 263)

was calculated upon the number of calories required to yield the energy needed by the individual. In general little attention was paid to the nature of the food, whether protein, fat or carbohydrate, so long as it furnished the requisite number of calories.

Then it came to be recognized that the kind of aliment was also of great importance, that too great a dependence upon protein foods was injurious in many cases, and that it was essential to have what is called a properly balanced ration.

Then came the discovery of vitamins and with it the doctrine that over-cooking of food was bad, since the prolonged heat destroyed the vitamins.

These several advances in the practice of dietetics were not destructive of previous teachings, but rather progressive steps in the upbuilding of the science, which is still, however, in the building stage. One cannot even yet define a normal diet, for there is apparently no such thing. Experience teaches us that the food requirements of different individuals, of approximately the same age and weight, and living under apparently similar conditions of climate and occupation, vary within quite wide limits. Writers on diet can concern themselves only with the average man, leaving it to the physician to deal with the special requirements of the individual. Some people are naturally meat eaters while others tend toward vegetarianism, but it does not follow from this that they have all chosen wisely. Many people would undoubtedly avoid much illness and live longer if they took less meat. This is not saying, however, that all should be vegetarians, for that would be to rush to an extreme that is not justified by experience. There is one truth that certainly emerges clearly from this welter of dietetic debate. That, as Beaumont and Fletcher put it, is:

"What's one man's poison, signor,
Is another's meat or drink."

A FRANK CRITIC

THE conjuror's turn had not been going at all well, says the Tatler, but he stuck doggedly to his task.

"Now," he said, "if any lady or gentleman in the audience will oblige me with an egg, I will proceed to perform an amazing trick." There was a momentary silence, then from the back of the hall came a voice: "If anybody 'ere 'ad a egg, you'd 'ave 'ad it long ago."

ANSWERS TO "WHAT IS YOUR SCORE?"

(Questions on page 254)

1. Atlantic Ocean. 2. Yes, in Black Hawk War. 3. General Electric Company. 4. Myles Standish. 5. Robert E. Peary. 6. Ty Cobb. 7. Incandescent electric lamp, phonograph, motion pictures or multiplex telegraph system or improved storage battery. 8. Canberra. 9. Gen. Plutarco Calles. 10. Dentist. 11. Benedict Arnold. 12. Yale. 13. A sentence whose letters read the same backwards as forwards; example, "Was it a rat I saw?" 14. George Washington. 15. Grant, Roosevelt. 16. Robert Louis Stevenson. 17. About 90 feet. 18. Vice President Charles G. Dawes or Austen Chamberlain or Aristide Briand or Gustav Stresemann. 19. Musical composition. 20. David Crockett.

THE BEST MOTION PICTURES

There are all sorts of motion pictures, and it is by no means easy to get trustworthy information about which ones are clean and entertaining, not merely "unobjectionable," but worth seeing. The Youth's Companion gives its readers this list, revised every week, of the pictures that it thinks good enough to recommend.

War Horses—Film Booking Office

An over-sea picture, reminding us that the horse did his bit in the World War. Buck Jones and his horse Tony

Pals in Paradise—Producers' Dist. Corp.

A plucky Eastern girl contests the mining claim of a young Westerner and wins both mine and man. Marguerite de la Motte, John Bowers

Mother—Film Booking Office

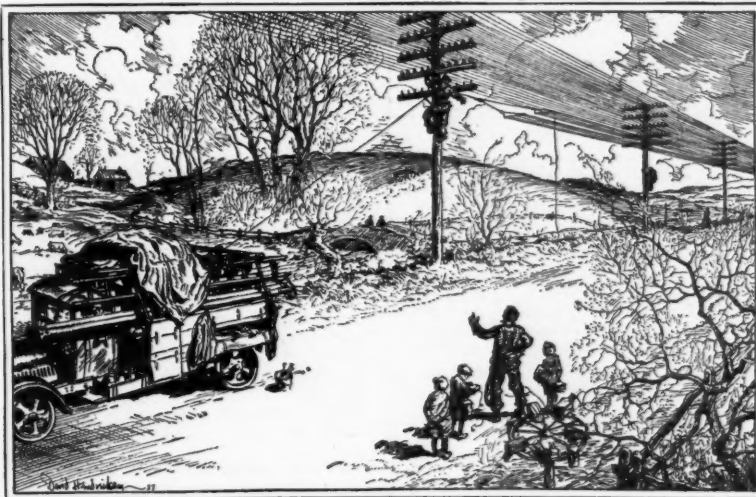
A mother's old-fashioned ideals help a straying son and husband back to self-respect and safety

Rubber Tires—Producers' Dist. Corp.

An ambitious daughter and an old flivver are the means of rehabilitating a ne'er do well. Bessie Love, Harrison Ford

The Kid Brother—Paramount

The lively and farcical adventures of a youngster who impersonates the Sheriff, his father, Harold Lloyd



Communication for a Growing Nation

*An Advertisement of
the American Telephone and Telegraph Company*



THE first telephone call was made from one room to another in the same building. The first advance in telephony made possible conversations from one point to another in the same town or community. The dream of the founders of the Bell Telephone System, however, was that through it, all the separate communities might some day be interconnected to form a nation-wide community.

Such a community for speech by telephone has now become a reality and the year-by-year growth in the number of long distance telephone calls shows how rapidly it is developing. This super-neighborhood, extending from town to town and

state to state, has grown as the means of communication have been provided to serve its business and social needs.

This growth is strikingly shown by the extension of long distance telephone facilities. In 1925, for additions to the long distance telephone lines, there was expended thirty-seven million dollars. In 1926 sixty-one million dollars. During 1927 and the three following years, extensions are planned on a still greater scale, including each year about two thousand miles of long distance cable. These millions will be expended on long distance telephone lines to meet the nation's growth and their use will help to further growth.

Good Work Requires Good Tools

When you are trying to do a good job, what is more disappointing than a bit that makes a mean, ugly hole? In the long run the cheapest bits are the genuine

Russell Jennings Bits

they are true, precise, quick-boring, and make a clean, perfect hole and if properly used will last a lifetime

Ask for them at your dealer's by name,—Look for the name on the round of every bit.

Regular thread



Single thread



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WIRE

automobile and airplane wires, electrical wires, submarine cables, bridge-building cables, wire rope, telegraph and telephone wire, radio wire, round wire, flat wire, star-shaped and all different kinds of shapes of wire, sheet wire, piano wire, pipe-organ wire, wire hoops, barbed wire, woven wire fences, wire gates, wire fence posts, trolley wire and rail bonds, poultry netting, wire screens, concrete reinforcing wire mesh, nails, staples, locks, spikes, bolts, pins, steel wire strapping, wire-rope aerial tramways. Illustrated story of how steel and wire is made, also illustrated books describing uses of all the above wires sent free.

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\$5 at your dealer's or sent postpaid. Write!
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Jan. 16, '28; Around the World
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Jan. 25, '28; To the Mediterranean
24th Cruise; 65 days; \$600 to \$1700.


South Africa—India Cruise; Jan. 25, '28

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The G. Y. C.

"The Girls of The Youth's Companion"—Join Now!

Are You Ready for Spring?

WITH the first really warm days this month, the Workbox members voted to take "time out" from their busy activities in connection with their new house and to devote two or three meetings to making long-needed improvements and additions to their spring wardrobes.

Lucille needed a new dress for spring events on the school calendar. For this she chose a lovely old blue crêpe de Chine and purchased three yards. The pattern she decided on was fairly simple—shirred on the shoulders and in the front, with attractive peasant-type sleeves and panels on either side of the skirt. A belt and soft turnover collar were other pretty touches.

Helen helped her in fitting it. Except for that, Lucille made her dress alone. But when it was finished it did not satisfy her. The unbroken mass of color lacked interest, and character: two of many points to consider in seeking style. After a few near-tragic minutes when it looked as if the dress were doomed to be more or less of a failure, she decided that the addition of some contrasting color in just the right places might give life to her dress. A piece of velvet of a deeper shade of blue was the beginning of the solution, but it was not easy to be wise about just where to apply it—and how. Finally



Lucille in her new crêpe de Chine dress

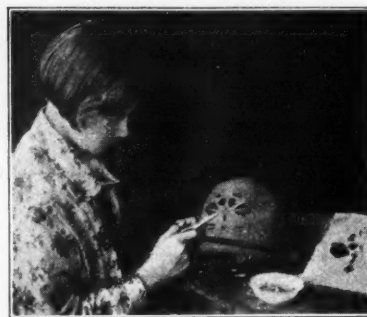
Lucille pinned on an embroidery design and cut out its delicate flower and leaf design from the velvet. This she appliquéd with a buttonhole stitch in matching silk floss on the sleeves, between elbow and wrist, and on the panels on either side of the skirt. The effect when this was done was unusually good-looking.

Finishing touches were the turnover collar of the velvet, and a lovely cut-steel buckle for the front of the sash which Lucille's mother gave her.

The total cost of Lucille's dress amounted to \$8.83.

A Glorified Felt Hat

NATALIE, one of our first members, who left us early in the winter to go away to school, was back for her spring vacation and showed us how to make a charming transformation in an old felt hat. With a suitable stencil pattern and a pencil, a ¼-yard piece of



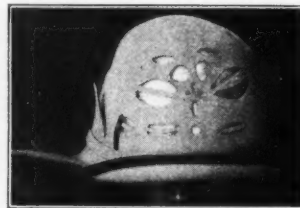
Natalie stenciling the pattern on the felt hat

4-inch gold ribbon (the size of the ribbon depends on the stencil pattern chosen), silk thread to match the felt (or millinery cement if you can get it), a pair of very sharp small scissors and a few pins, we transformed the hat in a few minutes.

The first step was to brush the hat clean and then to steam it over a kettle so that it could be pressed into shape. The chosen stencil design was pinned to the center front and marked out with pencil. Be careful in choosing a design that it is not too open or designed with large figures—to much open work will weaken your hat and make it tend to crush down when you have cut out your pattern.

The next step is to cut along the pencil lines so that they will not show. Then pin the gold ribbon on the inside under the cut-out design and tack it along the edges and in the corners, taking the stitches underneath the felt, so they will not show. If you can get millinery cement, spread it on the inside over the places the ribbon will touch, and then quickly press on your piece of ribbon.

Natalie's hat had a pointed piece of felt on each side. By taking off the left-side point and adding it to the point on the right, the attractive disguise of the old hat was completed!



Have You Entered the Art Contest?

OUR postman is quite mystified by the variety of packages and envelopes beginning to come in to us every morning—and we find that each one holds a new surprise for us from some clever and artistic member of the G. Y. C. who is entering her talents against all the other clever and artistic members of the G. Y. C. If you draw or paint, don't let this contest end on May 1 without an entry of yours being in. May I send you the rules?

From Our Treasure Chest

Question: How can I prepare and serve tempting and tasty dishes of fresh and canned vegetables, especially canned Swiss chard? Also of different canned fruits?

Answer: To make vegetables "tempting and tasty" it is important, first, to cook them just done (not more) in a small amount of water so as not to lose their flavor, and, second, to season well with salt and possibly butter and pepper. Canned vegetables are of course already cooked, but need to be heated in the liquor in the can and then seasoned.

Canned Swiss chard may be made very attractive by reheating and cutting fine with a sharp knife or scissors. While this is reheating, cook 2 ounces or 4 level tablespoons of butter with 4 level tablespoons of flour until smooth. Add the hot chopped chard and when this is thoroughly mixed add a cupful of cream slowly, and salt and pepper to taste. Cook together about 3 minutes and serve on triangles of toast. The hot chopped greens may be seasoned with French dressing and packed into small molds until cold, then unmolded and served on lettuce as a salad.

Each vegetable has special ways to be served which are very attractive. You would find many suggestions for different vegetable soups, scalloped vegetables, vegetable soup, vegetable croquettes, in almost any book of recipes.

Ways of using canned fruits are both varied and numerous. Using canned peaches as an example, I would suggest that cook books contain recipes for peach compote with rice, peach Bavarian, peach jelly, peach tapioca, stuffed peach salad and peach ice cream. If you have difficulty in finding these recipes, and if there are any in which you are particularly interested, I would be glad to send them to you. I am enclosing an advertising pamphlet which shows the kind of thing which can be done with canned pineapple. Almost any other canned fruit could be substituted for the recipes using pineapple.

ULA M. DOW, G. Y. C. Expert Adviser
Simmons College

Fashions for the Young Girl

Betty's Easter Outfit



Heyle Studio Costume from Fillet's

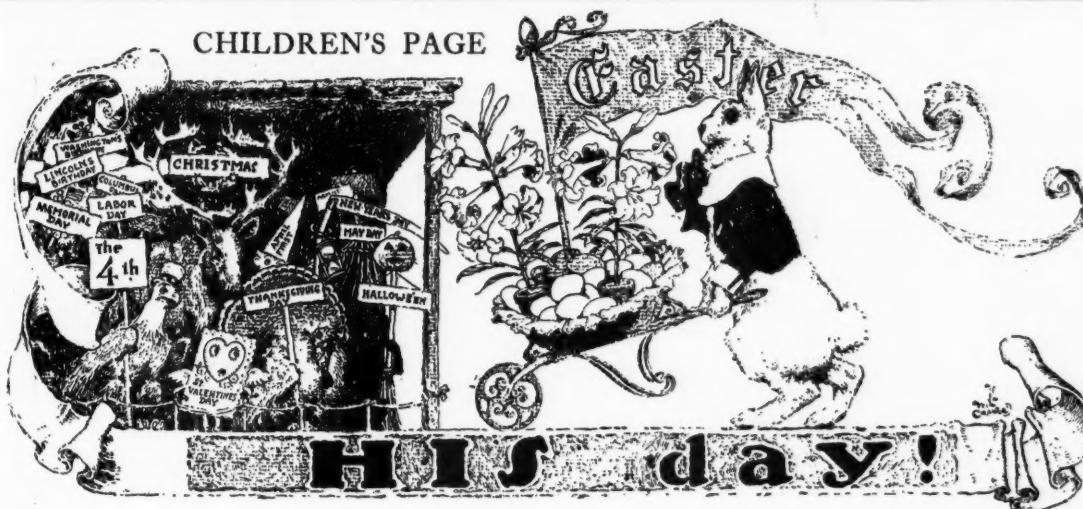
IT'S rather new and most effective when one's frock matches the crêpe de Chine lining of the coat worn with it. Betty's hat, dress and trim, belted kasha coat are a perfect ensemble—queen blue crêpe de Chine for dress and lining, navy blue for the well tailored hat and coat. I must tell you about the coat especially, for it is rather a find. Bands of stitching run the length of it on either side and follow around the collar as well, and are the only trimming except the useful pockets, the pretty narrow leather belt and an inverted pleat which runs from collar to hem in the center of the back, giving it a particularly desirable long slim line. The hat is one of our old friends, the Betty-and-Anne model which has headed the list of good style pointers ever since fashions began on this page over a year ago! It is ever popular and ever "in" and seems to adapt itself to almost any kind of an outfit or wearer. The crêpe de Chine dress is made with contrasting collar and cuffs, and two individual-looking little buttoned tabs by way of trimming in front, and also boasts its own belt. The skirt shows inverted pleats in the front. And of course, if you choose to wear it with the kasha coat, you can have one of several colors that will harmonize or exactly match the lining as a final proof that you are in excellent style if you decide on such clothes for your spring wardrobe!

Colors and Sizes: If you want me to shop for you, I shall be glad to tell you how much these things are. The coat comes in navy kasha with open, navy, rose beige or green crêpe de Chine lining, or in tan kasha with green, tan or queen blue lining. Sizes are 13, 15 and 17. The little hat may be chosen in navy, light gray with navy grosgrain binding and ribbon band, sand, light red, light green, green, plain gray and black. The head sizes are 21½, 22½ and 23½. And last but not least the dress: navy, queen blue, rose beige or green in sizes 13, 15 and 17. And please remember to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope if you write.

HAZEL GREY
8 Arlington Street Boston, Mass.

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CHILDREN'S PAGE



A Little Frosted Cake

By Nancy Byrd Turner

WE ARE going to spend my birthday in Enfield," Rosabelle Bird said to Pauline, her doll.

It was two days before Rosabelle's seventh birthday. Just as Father was called away by important business, old Cousin Lucy Lee wrote that she was very anxious to see Mother. It would not do to take Rosabelle on either trip. So they decided that she could go to visit her great-aunts in the next state.

Mother took Rosabelle with her while she went to call up Aunt Charlotte by long-distance telephone. Rosabelle listened with interest. At length she heard Mother say: "Oh, thank you. Then we'll send her to Enfield tomorrow in the conductor's care." And later on Mother said: "And don't try to celebrate for her birthday. Just a little frosted cake or something."

"It will be a queer birthday," Rosabelle confided to the sympathetic Pauline. "Not one of those aunts has a little girl. But anyway, we'll have lots of fun traveling all by ourselves."

Meanwhile in Enfield, Aunt Charlotte, whose children had all grown up, was telephoning to Aunt Eve, who had no children. Aunt Eve, in turn, telephoned to Aunt Ruth and Aunt Lucinda. Each of them said to the other: "John's little girl is coming to visit Charlotte. She'll miss having a birthday party, but she likes frosted cakes."

ON Rosabelle's birthday, Aunt Charlotte was shut up in the kitchen a long time. When she finally came out, she said, "Look on the pantry shelf, Rosabelle, and see what you can find."

Rosabelle ran to look, and there she saw a pretty white-frosted cake about two thirds the regular size of grown-up cakes. Her name and age were written across the top in pink frosting. She was delighted.

Later in the morning a basket arrived. "A little frosted caramel cake for Rosabelle with love from Aunt Eve," was written on



It was a lovely gold-colored cake with orange frosting. Rosabelle laughed with pleasure

the card tied to the handle of the basket. "Well, I declare," said Aunt Charlotte, "I must have mentioned frosted cake to Eve, though I don't seem to remember doing so."

"Oh, for another little girl to come to a party and help me eat these lovely cakes," thought Rosabelle.

Before the morning was over, Martha, Aunt Lucinda's colored cook came puffing in. "Sumethin' in this heah basket foh yo'," she said, smiling at Rosabelle. "Jes' exac'ly like yo' yaller curls!"

IT was a lovely gold-colored cake with orange frosting. Rosabelle laughed with pleasure. Then, after Martha had gone, she and Aunt Charlotte had a hearty laugh together.

"Isn't there a little girl anywhere near who could come to help me have a party?" asked Rosabelle wistfully.

"I'm afraid not," said Aunt Charlotte. "The new minister has some, but his family haven't come yet."

By this time there were three frosted cakes in a row on the pantry shelf. Aunt Charlotte said they should be cut at supper.

"Three cakes for one girl!" Rosabelle kept thinking.

But before supper there were four—at five o'clock the bus stopped, and the driver handed out a round box from Aunt Ruth.

"Another cake?" said Rosabelle.

She pulled off the wrappings and gave a shout. Here was the finest cake of all! On top in its rich chocolate frosting were three decorations: a bright red rose, a tiny silver bell, and a toy yellow canary that looked almost real.

"Oh, see," she cried. "My own name—Rosabelle Bird."

Then she and Aunt Charlotte sat down to have supper. They had just begun when there was a flurry in the front yard.

It was the minister's family, coming down sooner than they had expected to. They were getting out of their car for a rest and a drink of water.

HOW Rosabelle's face shone when she saw two little girls. And each of them was carrying a doll. They both looked hard at Rosabelle and Pauline.

Of course Aunt Charlotte invited them to stay to supper. Rosabelle and her guests, Lila and Alice, and the dolls had a little table to themselves.

And the frosted cakes sat in a row on the table: a dark brown cake, a light brown cake, a gold-colored cake and a pink-and-white cake. Every one in the room had a plenty.

When Rosabelle went to bed that night, she said to Pauline, "What a beautiful birthday!"

SHOON

By Rowena Bastin Bennett

The frost wears silver slippers;
The rain wears mouse-gray shoes;
But the ragged wind goes barefoot
And wades in shining dews.

BETTY BUNNY'S EASTER BONNET

By Julia Greene



1. NUMERICAL ENIGMA

My 21-22-10-8-6 is completely.
My 24-15-5-19 is a sheltered inlet.
My 1-15-3 is a farm animal.
My 9-4-16-3-26-2 is to twist and squirm.
My 11-14-12-13 is to masticate.
My 18-23-11-17-15-22-7-26-27 is with evil intent.
My 20-25-27 is a firmament.
My 16-15-26-15-7-14-6-20 is overshoes.
When these words have been guessed correctly, and their letters written in the proper order, the result will be a familiar saying.

2. CHARADE

The name of a man is my second,
My whole is the name of his trade;
And when they caught him breaking my first
A smile o'er the judge's face played.
He said, "The only thing left to do
Is first, second up, I'm afraid."

Nuts & Crack

3. WORD-SQUARE

1. Gets the answer. 2. Brilliant bird. 3. Disorderly array. 4. Dedicated by a vow. 5. A number. 6. Calm.

4. ENIGMA

Small, bright, brief, warm,
I do much good, I do much harm.
Behold me; then I'm large and green,
By grateful eyes in summer seen.
Behold me once again, and note,
I then become a strange big boat,
Without a sail, without a mast.
What am I first, and next, and last?

5. COLONEL PUZZLER

The colonel went out to inspect a new gun used in

rapid-fire. It was guaranteed to fire at the rate of a shot a second. He timed the gun for a test, and found it would fire sixty shots in a minute; so he reported that the gun did not meet the guaranty. Why?

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

1. THAT HARDY MAN HAS HANDS AND ARMS AND ASKS ALMS ALL DAY.

2. Nut-hatch.

3.

MISSES
IMPISH
SPARTA
SIRDAR
ESTATE
SHARED

4. Parliament. Denmark. Platitudes.

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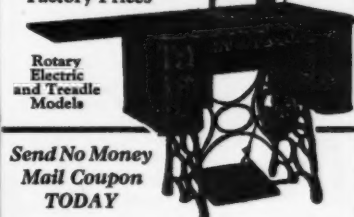
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